

FORGER IN JAIL

W. T. Selfridge, Wanted in Jackson County, Arrested.

Dr. W. Thornton Selfridge, who is wanted at Freetown and Brownstown for passing bad checks, was arrested in Terre Haute Thursday and taken to Plymouth where he is wanted upon similar charges. He was in a saloon in Terre Haute and boasted that he was one of the Eureka train robbers, and was soon taken in charge by the officers.

While in the saloon he wrote a telegram to his father, formerly a banker at Bloomfield, and now in business in Oklahoma City saying that the Pinkertons were after him and asked for \$100 by wire. The bartender saw the message and was confident the man was a robber, and notified the police and Selfridge was arrested as soon as he received the money.

Selfridge came to Freetown several years ago and opened an office for the practice of medicine. He had not been there long, however, before he represented that he was agent for an oil company, and would soon drill a test well in that neighborhood. He secured several leases upon land in that section of the county and succeeded in interesting a few men in his project.

One day he presented a check, which he claimed was from the oil company which he represented, but the bank would not accept the check until indorsed by parties known to them. Selfridge secured a prominent man, in whom he had succeeded in interesting in his oil leases, to endorse the check which was cashed.

Soon after this transaction Selfridge disappeared and could not be found. Officials throughout the state were notified of the forgery and had been endeavoring to locate him.

Many Signing Petition.

The petition to President Taft, asking for pardon of John R. Walsh, is being circulated here and has been signed by a large number of citizens. But very few persons refuse to sign the petition and many have asked that they be permitted to place their signature to the paper. By building railroads and opening quarries and mines John R. Walsh has assisted in making Southern Indiana the great busy center which it is, and the people are ready to aid him when reverses come. The petition is in charge of Dr. M. F. Gerrish and those who have not been seen will find the petition in his office, where they may sign it. Walsh recently began a five year sentence in the Federal prison at Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., for the alleged misappropriation of bank funds.

Lincoln League Banquet.

In connection with the Lincoln League meeting at Columbus February 12 a banquet is being arranged for that evening. Arrangements have been made to accommodate 600 people at the banquet. Tickets for the banquet go at one dollar each and any Seymour people who want to be sure of a seat at the table can get tickets at the REPUBLICAN office. John L. Jones will preside as toastmaster. The "Old Shady Quartette" will sing and several well known republicans will respond to toasts. At 8 o'clock that evening Senator Beveridge will speak. The banquet will begin at 5:30. There should be a big delegation go from Seymour.

Swell.

Line of spring samples now on display. DEHLERS STORE. j29d

The Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Registered Pharmacists

Prescriptions Correctly Compounded

Phone Your Wants

Old Phone 400 New Phone 633

DIED.

BREITFIELD:—Olga Breitfield, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Breitfield, died Friday morning at 6:30 o'clock, after a short illness. Age 4 years 2 months and 10 days. The child had not been well for several days and a few days ago she suffered a severe attack of membranous croup. A day or two later pneumonia developed, which soon proved fatal. She was born on November 18, 1905.

Funeral services at the residence Sunday afternoon at 1:30, conducted by the Rev. E. Eggers, pastor of the German Lutheran church. Burial at the Lutheran cemetery west of the city.

Purchase Hunting Dogs.

Dal Tyler and John Peters, were out automobiling in Brown county, a few days ago when they found two hounds which they desired to purchase. The owner of the dogs were not at home but seeing the thrift look of the automobilists the good lady of the house decided that they might be able to drive a pretty good bargain so she at once began to recall their good qualities. Pointing to old Towser, a dog at which to all outward appearances had long ago seen his best days, she described him as "a rabbit dog to who built the fence." The city gentlemen thought by that description that he must be just what they wanted. Accordingly they lost no time in closing the bargain and trio hurried out across the icy lowlands to where the husband was at work to get his consent to the transfer of ownership. The Brown County prizes were brought to this city but have not yet been placed on exhibition.

Chase & Sanborn coffee is the best. For sale at the Model Grocery. j29d

Price of Eggs Lower.

Eggs are selling for a lower price in the local market today than they have for several months. For the past few weeks there has been a scarcity of eggs, and the price was consequently very high. A number of the grocers this week purchased more eggs than they could use, and for the first time in several months sold several cases to the poultry men. A few days ago eggs were 40 cents a dozen but Thursday were 35 and today are selling at 33 cents.

W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. held an enjoyable and helpful session Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. M. F. Gerrish. Interesting articles were read by Mrs. Gerrish and Mrs. M. C. Carpenter, which were discussed by those present. A free will offering was taken for the state work. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. C. A. Naylor, on Poplar street.

Card of Thanks.

We take this means to thank our friends for their sympathy during the sickness, death and burial of our daughter and sister, Ruth Grelle. The kind offer of assistance were necessarily refused, but many letters of sympathy were appreciated.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN GREELE AND FAMILY.

Special.

\$1.50 corduroy shirts 98 cents. DEHLERS STORE. j29d

Chase & Sanborn coffee is the best. For sale at the Model Grocery. j29d

Price McNiece of Pleasant Grove has taken a position as extra fireman on the B. & O. and is now learning the road.

CASH PRICES FOR ONE WEEK

WE JUST RECEIVED \$1000.00 WORTH OF COUNTRY MEAT And will give the people the advantage of prices. All meat is hickory bark smoked and is No. 1.

Hams, out. Shoulders, pound - 13c Bacon, pound - 15c Lard, by can - 15c Don't delay this bargain. These are real bargains.

HOADLEY'S Cut Rate Grocery

REVIVALS

Interesting Meetings In Progress at Various Churches.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH.

Yesterday was a splendid day in the meetings. There was a large increase in attendance. The largest except Sunday. The interest was exceedingly good. Three very bright conversions, and four united with the church. The Evangelist preached an excellent sermon from the words—"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." He preached with great power. Many are under conviction and a great meeting is expected this evening. The pastor asks for 100 men in the service tonight. There were almost that number last night. The Evangelist is growing better all the time. He is preaching a good gospel. Come and hear him.

Rev. James Omelvena, of the Presbyterian church, and Rev. H. Knauff, of the German Methodist church, were present and assisted in the service.

Remember the meeting Sunday at 3:00 p. m. for men only. Subject—"The Greatest Trial and Verdict Rendered." Come, 400 wanted men to attend this service. Will you be one?

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

A good audience last night heard Mr. Fradenburgh with attention and interest. Many new faces were in evidence. The theme was, Obeying the Gospel. Text: Rom. 10:16. He said in substance, while many have obeyed the gospel, many have not. Obeying the gospel is not simply hearing it, or believing it, or desiring to believe it; it is not mere mental assent to its claims. It is actually doing the things the gospel commands. Obedience comprehends repentance, faith, baptism, and living a Christian life.

The sermon was listened to with profound attention. Two persons stood for prayers, and the after meeting was full of deep interest and anxiety on the part of those who are interested for the salvation of souls.

Mr. Fradenburgh will preach his last sermon this evening. Let there be a large audience to greet him in this last service.

Evangelical Lutheran Church

There will be no English service Sunday evening as was previously announced. There will be an English service however on the following Sunday evening.

Funeral.

The funeral of Ruth Grelle, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Grelle, occurred from the residence on S. Chestnut street Thursday afternoon at one o'clock. There were but few people in attendance as the funeral was made very private. The remains were interred in the Lutheran cemetery west of the city.

Birthday Party.

Master Joe Andrews, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Andrews, is celebrating his fourth birthday this afternoon. Quite a company of his little friends were invited in to enjoy the afternoon with him.

Vaudeville at Nickelo.

Prof. Geo. W. Chamberlain, the Handcuff King at Nickelo tonight. Vaudeville 1 Act with moving pictures. Admission 5 cents.

Rev. James Omelvena left this afternoon for Cincinnati to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, Chas. P. Goodman, who died Thursday night. Mr. Omelvena will return home Saturday night.

Chase & Sanborn coffee is the best. For sale at the Model Grocery. j29d

George L. Attkisson is packing up his furniture preparatory to the removal of his family to Indianapolis. They will leave for their new home Saturday.—Madison Courier.

Give your order to Loertz, the Baker for pies and cakes. 108 South Chestnut street.

DREAMLAND TONIGHT

"The Keeper of the Light" Edison Drama Illustrated Song "MY OLD HOME ON THE HILL" By Miss Lois Reynolds. Piano—Miss Edna Dobbins. Trap Drums—Edward Blake.

To Remodel Matt Building.

Niemeyer and Rockstroh began the work Wednesday of remodeling the Matt building on E. Second street. The east half of the building has been sold to the I. C. & S. Traction Company and the remainder will be remodeled and repapered and decorated throughout. The first floor will be raised in front and dropped some in the rear so as to make the floor level and the room will be made into an elegant store room. The old office has been removed from the front part of the room and a stairway will be erected opening on Second street. There will also be a stairway in the rear. The second floor will probably be made into convenient office rooms or living apartments. The changes throughout the building will be very extensive and will make it a good store room and office building.

Vital Statistics.

The death rate for Indiana during the month of December was .6 higher than in December of the previous year. Consumption caused 305 deaths during the month, or an average of almost 10 each day. Pneumonia was almost as fatal and caused 283 deaths, or more than 9 each day. 165 people came to their death by violence during the month. Cancer was the cause of 137 deaths. Next to these the most fatal diseases the most fatal diseases were typhoid 52, diphtheria 46, influenza 26, scarlet fever 23 and whooping cough 14. The city death rate was 15.1 against 13.4 the previous year. The rate was higher in the larger cities being 16.5 in Indianapolis, 15.7 in Evansville, in Ft. Wayne and Terre Haute 13.6. 92 cases of smallpox were reported with no deaths.

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Roads in Bad Condition.

The rising temperature of the past few days has brought the frost out of the gravel roads throughout the county, causing them to be very muddy and in a bad condition for traveling. In some places the soft roads are badly cut up by heavily loaded wagons passing over them, and it will require some repair work to put them back in good condition. The farmers, and other persons who use the roads to any extent are more careful than formerly in keeping heavy wagons off the roads when they are thawing, which has long been recognized as necessary if the highways are to be kept in first class condition.

Located In Texas.

Word has been received here from John Pollert, brother of Herman Pollert, of this city, who recently went to Vega, Tex., near Adrian to locate, that he has secured employment and is operating a steam plow. With one of these plows one can break from 25 to 45 acres per day, or about as much as twenty men with forty horses would break.

Mr. Pollert will also look after the improvement of his own farm of 160 acres lying three miles east of Vega along the Rock Island railway and will have charge of the 320 acres tract of his father in the same locality. He was the first to move from this locality to Oldham County.

Celery and oysters at the Model Grocery.

Had No License.

City Marshal, J. T. Able, is keeping a sharp watch for peddlers and vendors who came into the city and dispose of their wares without first securing a license. Thursday afternoon he received a "tip" that two men were selling check protectors, and knowing that they had not taken out a license, endeavored to locate them. The vendors, however, after making one or two sales, became aware that they were wanted, and left on the first car before the marshal had an opportunity to locate them.

Now.

Never before was good clothing sold so cheap. DEHLERS STORE. j29d

We do "Printing That Pleases."

BIG BARGAINS FOR SATURDAY

Country Lard.....15c
Country Bacon.....15c
Picnic Hams.....14c
Trimmed Jowl Bacon.....14c
Breakfast Bacon.....20c

All kinds of Fruits and Vegetables for Saturday

Mayes Cash Grocery Phone 458. All goods delivered.

NEW BUILDINGS

To Be Erected In Seymour Will Make Coming Year A Busy One.

The indications are that the coming year will be an unusually busy one in Seymour and many improvements will be made which will be of great benefit to the city. Although there were several large factory and business buildings, and an almost unprecedented number of good residences erected last year, the indications are that next year will even be a better one.

A new high school building will be erected which will probably cost in the neighborhood of \$56,000 for building and equipment. It is the intention to complete this building in about four months if possible, but during that time everybody will be very busy and scores of workmen, including carpenters, brickmasons, plasterers and others, will be given employment. The assembling of the materials will probably begin about May 1st and the actual work on the building a few weeks later. Probably so large a building was never before erected in Seymour and completed in so short a time as this one will be, with the possible exception of the Ahlbrand Carriage factory, and in that case all the extra interior finishing work was not required.

Meanwhile the city hospital which it is expected will cost in the neighborhood of \$12,000 by the time it is completed and furnished, will be in course of erection. It will probably be begun about the same time as the new high school building and completed almost as soon. If there are no unnecessary delays the hospital ought to be completed before the cool weather begins in the fall. The buildings will probably be begun in the Spring.

The automobile garage on S. Chestnut has already been completed and will be occupied some time between now and early spring. This is one of the largest buildings that has been completed here recently.

The I. C. & S. Traction Company are making some improvements here, which will greatly facilitate the handling of their business. They have recently purchased the east half of the Matt building on E. Second street, adjoining the car barns on the west and will remodel the same to suit their purposes. About forty feet of the rear of the building is to be occupied by a repair shop and the floors will both be taken out in front and another track laid back for enough from the street to allow a car to clear the sidewalk and some of their repair work will be done here.

Arrangements are already completed for the building of a number of new residences and several others are being contemplated. There are but very few empty business rooms, and all the merchants report a good business.

The prospects for the coming year are very encouraging, and the many new buildings and other improvements which will be made, are evidence of the growth and prosperity of Seymour.

100—Bottles of Vanilla—100

Next Saturday from 8 to 10 a. m.,—two hours only,—in order to introduce our Vanilla Extract more fully in Seymour, we will sell one family size four ounce bottle of Whitmer's Vanilla pure extract for 10 cents. This Vanilla retails everywhere for 35 cts. But we want the people of Seymour to become acquainted with the merits of this extract and for this reason make this remarkable offer. Remember we will sell only one bottle to a family and the sale will close promptly at 10 a. m.

WHITMER MEDICINE CO.

Fine.

\$16.50 suits and spring overcoats for \$12.50. DEHLERS STORE. j29d

Banannas 10 cent a dozen. F. H. Gates. j29d

Watch for spring opening soon at A. Sciarra, the tailor, 14 E. Second St. tf

AT THE NICKELO TONIGHT

"A Trap for Santa Claus" Biograph Drama ILLUSTRATED SONG: "RED HEAD" By Miss Mildred Adams

Joint Passenger Traffic.

The South Indiana Railway has issued a Joint Passenger Tariff in connection with the Indianapolis, Columbus & Southern Traction Co., and Indianapolis & Louisville Traction Co., effective January 20th establishing rates between stations on the Southern Indiana Ry., and Traction lines. This is a departure from the practice of steam roads that have heretofore abstained from affiliating with electric lines. Through tickets may be had between stations on the Southern Indiana Ry., and station on these Electric Lines, Indianapolis to Louisville inclusive. On account of the frequent limited cars operating between Indianapolis and Louisville, passengers can avail themselves of this route (Via Seymour) and make excellent connection and time. In a good many instances the fares are lower than via steam roads, and passengers are landed in the heart of the cities of Indianapolis and Louisville as well as the smaller cities.

Will Discuss High Prices.

The citizens of Columbus will hold a mass meeting Saturday evening for the purpose of discussing the high cost of living. Plans will be formulated at this meeting, by which the consumer hopes to live cheaper and get his food supplies at a less cost than they are now sold. It is expected that unless the price of meats and other food stuffs, which are sold at a high price is reduced, the citizens will consider the advisability of a boycott, similar to which is in progress in many other cities.

ARE MICROBES IN YOUR SCALP?

It Has Been Proved that Microbes Cause Baldness.

Professor Unna of Hamburg, Germany, and Dr. Sabourand, the leading French dermatologist, discovered that a microbe causes baldness. Their theory has time and again been amply verified through research experiments carried on under the observation of eminent scientists. This microbe lodges in the Sebur, which is the natural hair oil, and when permitted to flourish it destroys the hair follicles and in time the pores entirely close, and the scalp gradually takes on a shiny appearance. When this happens there is no hope of the growth of hair being revived.

Dandruff is a contagious disease, which is largely due to a destructive microbe, which when left to pursue its course, causes itching scalp, falling hair and baldness. Dandruff is caused by the microbe affecting the glands which produce the sebaceous matter, which latter then unnaturally dries up and scales off.

We have a remedy which will, we honestly believe, remove dandruff, exterminate the microbe, promote good circulation in the scalp and around the hair roots, tighten and revitalize the hair roots and overcomes baldness, so long as there is any life left in the hair roots.

We back up this statement with our own personal guarantee that this remedy called Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, will be supplied free of all cost to the user if it fails to do as we state.

It will frequently restore gray and faded hair to its original color, providing loss of color has been caused by disease; yet it is in no sense a dye. Rexall "93" Hair Tonic accomplishes these results by making every hair root, follicles and pigment gland strong and active, and by stimulating a natural flow of coloring pigment throughout the hair cells.

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is entirely free from grease or sediment, is exceedingly pleasant to use and will not gum the hair or permanently soil the clothing or pillows.

We exact no obligations or promises—we simply ask you to give it a thorough trial and if not satisfied tell us and we will refund the money you paid us for it. Two sizes, prices 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain it in Seymour only at our store—The Rexall Store. The Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Have Berdon, the barber, shave you

We Give You Express Service At Freight Rates

To and From LOUISVILLE I. & L. Traction Co.

FADING-LEAF AND FALLEN-LEAF.

Said Fading-Leaf to Fallen-Leaf—
I toss alone on a forsaken tree,
It racks and cracks with every gust that rocks
Its straining bulk! Say, how is it with thee?

Said Fallen-Leaf to Fading-Leaf—
A heavy foot went by, an hour ago:
Crushed into clay, I stain the way;
The loud wind calls me, and I cannot go.

Said Fading-Leaf to Fallen-Leaf—
Death lessons Life, a ghost is ever wise:
Teach me a way to live till May
Laughs fair with fragrant lips and loving eyes!

Said Fallen-Leaf to Fading-Leaf—
Hast loved fair eyes and lips of gentle breath?
Fate then, and fall; thou hast had all
That Life can give; ask somewhat now of Death!

—Richard Garnett.

DARKIE'S CRIME

"A woman is in the surgery, sir, and says she must see you at once." I looked up from my paper at the speaker—Mary, the housemaid—with a weary sigh. The life of a doctor, is not, to use a tkenword, and perhaps vulgar, aphorism, "all beer and skittles," and certainly mine on that day had not been. Sickness was very prevalent in Colbourne, and the ill of four thousand inhabitants were in the hands of two doctors. Besides, there had been an outbreak of smallpox among the navvies engaged in cutting a new railway to join the Colbourne terminus, and of late we had had our hands full. Evidently my desire for the quiet evening I had coveted was now destroyed.

"Did the person send in her name?" I inquired.

"No, sir; she said I was to look sharp and ask you to come at once—she repeated 'at once,' sir; and, oh, there was an awful look in her eyes." I rose and went to the surgery, and there found a young woman. She did not reply to my greeting, but at once plunged into the object of her mission. Her husband, Bill Crossland, had met with an accident on a cutting of the new railway, and had been brought home on a stretcher in a "bad way."

"I will be with your husband in a few minutes," I replied, seeing that the nature of the case demanded my instant attention.

The woman left me, and procuring what I thought necessary, I hurried to the squalid yard in which Bill Crossland lived. Colbourne, like many other small towns, had slums almost as bad as some of those which we are told exist in the East End of London, where fever and other pestilences thrive like weeds in an ill kept garden. The houses in this yard were rickety, and some of them filthy and abominable.

I found the injured man lying on a sofa, which had been improvised into a bed. An old woman was attending to his wants, and by the fire-place an elderly man—a navvy—stood. As I approached the bed, he left the house. My patient was a strong, lusty looking fellow, with an almost negro complexion, crisp black hair and mustache.

I speedily examined his injuries, and found them of a serious nature. His ribs had been severely crushed, and a portion of one had penetrated a lung. But he bore up with wonderful courage, and scarcely emitted a groan when I handled him. Having done everything possible for his comfort, I prepared to leave the house, at the same time beckoning his wife to follow me, with the idea of warning her of the danger her husband was in. The injured man noticed the motion, and called me.

"Doctor," he said faintly, "there's one thing I want to know. Now tell me—am I done for?"

The question was so pointedly put that it quite upset my equilibrium. I began to hesitate in my evasive answer to him, but he quickly stopped me.

"Don't be afraid o' tellin' me," he said roughly. "Bill Crossland ain't a coward—he's stood worse than this—he's cheated the hangman o' his noose, and he'll not shrink from a decent death now."

I wondered at this allusion to the "hangman's noose," but tried to reemphasize with him, telling him it was necessary that he should be quiet, and not talk.

"Look here, doctor," he replied, in a more determined tone, "I'm a-going to hear the truth from you before you go. I'll have it out o' you or I'll limb it out, I will!" and his black eyes gleamed like burning coals.

Again I remonstrated with him, but he would not heed me, and at last his wife interfered.

"You can tell Bill anything, sir," she said. "Let him know if he's got to pass in his checks, and maybe he'll prepare for it. It's none too good a life he's lived," and she jerked her thumb over her shoulder at the recumbent figure.

"Well, then," I replied, "I may as well be frank. The fact is, I entertain very little hope of your husband's recovery."

"Ye hear that, Bill? Doctor says yer to pass in yer checks, so just yer git redly and do it!"

I was amazed at her cold-blooded tone.

"I know'd it, lass! I know'd it!" Bill replied. "Doctor!" I turned to the bed. "Sit down. Martha, bring

the doctor a chair," and the old woman placed one close to the bed for me.

When I had seated myself—for I thought it best to humor him—he looked round the room and said:

"Now, I'm a-goin' to make a confession. Don't any of yer git interruptin', 'cause I can't speak so well." He paused, and then deliberately went on: "Breath seems terrible short!" Then, turning his head to me, he remarked: "Yer remember that 'ere accident to Jem Barker nigh on a twelve-month sin'?"

I nodded, for I recollected it perfectly. One of the drivers in the tunnel just outside the town had slipped and fallen on a rail in the dark. A load of earth had passed over his body, breaking his back, and death had resulted almost instantly. He was found shortly afterwards, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "accidental death."

"Well," the injured man pursued, "that 'ere accident wor no accident! It wor no accident! It wor somat else. I had better tell ye that Jem Barker and I wor mates; he wor called 'Guzler,' 'cause he could swallow so much drink—like soap suds down a sough, as the sayin' is. I wor called 'Darkie,' 'cause—well, ye can see why I ye look at me physog. I could do a fairish drop o' liquor at times, but the wust of it wor that we both wor fond o' the same gell—that's Liz o'er yonder," and he nodded in the direction of his wife, who was seated on a box



SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES BESIDE THE BED.

which stood beneath a window. Her eyes were fixed on the speaker.

"Liz!" he suddenly exclaimed and with somewhat more energy than he had displayed in the narrative, for his breath had failed him several times then, "Liz! Liz! don't look at me like that! I canna bear it! I canna!" and he broke off into a long groan.

His wife dropped her eyes, but still sat like a statue, with her hands clasped in her lap. The injured man struggled for breath, and then went on:

"I know'd Liz wor fond o' Jem, 'cause he wor fair and handsome, but I loved her the bestest. Ay, though we be navvies, doctor, we can love—only some people thinks as how we just pair off like! But they're wrong. Well, to be gettin' on wi' my story. Liz 'ere had no eyes for me when Jem wor about, and I got jealous. All the old friendship 'tween me and Jem wor gone on my side, and I began to hate 'im. The crisis came one night when I meets Liz a-comin' back from the tunnel, which wor then bein' bored. I wor on day duty, and Jem wor workin' at nights, 'cause then we worked day and night in shifts. She had ta'en him down some supper, and I could see how things wor goin'. So I up and tells her of me love, and axes her to marry me. Liz treated me better 'an I thowt she would have; she just says, 'Bill, I don't dislike ye, but I like Jem better, and I've promised 'im.' I wor furious—thee'st remember it, I dessay, Liz—but she jusr turns on 'er heel and walks off, sayin' as when the drink wor in the wit wor out! I had had drink, thee know'st. I went down to the tunnel and meets Jem a-comin' out wi' a truck o' muck—we call earth muck, thee know'st. I didna let him see that I wor angry, so I just jokes wi' him like. As I wor goin' through the tunnel a thowt struck me; if I wor just to come up behind Jem, and g'e 'im a push in front of the truck, it would perhaps lame 'kn, and then perhaps Liz would na be bothered wi' a lame chap. I left the tunnel and went 'ome, but I didna sleep that 'ere night. Next day

I took Jem's place driving, and 'twere then I worked out my plans. Thee know'st there be timbers, called side trees, on each side to support the roof o' the tunnel 'til the brickets take the work in hand, and I thowt as how, if I wor to hide in one of them just in the darkest place, and when Jem comes on just put out my 'and and gie him a push, it would do all I wanted. I shanna forget that 'ere day! The idea grew on me, and when I left work, I made up my mind to do it. So I walks down about 9 o'clock the same night, and just as I reached the open cutting I heard Jem wish Liz good-night. I wor fair mad wi' jealousy. I had murder in my 'art. Keepin' out o' sight o' Liz, I creeps down just in time to see Jem take the horses back into the tunnel to bring a load o' muck up. I creeps down in the darkest part, and past the shed where Bob Dalton wor pumpin' air into the tunnel, wi'out bein' seen. I know'd every inch o' the place, and I 'ad made up my mind where to hide. I soon found it, 'cause I 'ad put a big stone there. Besides, I 'ad picked out a spot which wor always wet, 'cause of a spring which he had tapped above, which wor always runnin'. Then it strikes me as how, if I wor to put the stone in Jem's path he might stumble o'er it; so I puts it there. I 'adna long to wait afore Jem comes down the tunnel, which wor a bit on the incline.

"My 'art begins to thump until I wor afraid Jem might 'ear it, but just then he comes up to wheer I had put the stone. He stumbled o'er it, and the horse swerved a little, but he nearly recovered himself, and so I puts out my hand and gentle pushes 'im. He falls down on the line, and the truck goes o'er him, 'cause I heard 'im groan. I slipped behind the truck and out again into the cutting wi'out bein' seed, and bunked off back to town. I wor scared! Next mornin' I heerd as how Jem 'ad met wi' a accident and that he had stumbled o'er a stoppe, supposed to have tumbled from a truck afore him, and the truck 'ad broke his back. I wor a bit sorry at first, and then I began to be afraid they might trace it to me. But I said nowt to nobody, and the inquest said as how 'twere a accident, and I didna trouble myself. Then Liz and I wor spliced, and though we quarreled, yet I would a done anythin' for her! Thee know'st it, dostna, Liz?"

The woman looked up. Her face was pale in the extreme; her black eyes blazed, and her fingers twitched. She rose and approached the bedside. "Murderer!" she hissed between her clenched teeth.

"Ah, Liz," the man replied calmly enough, "'tis no good a-callin' me that now; what thee'st better do is to fetch a preachin' chap to pray for me!"

"A preachin' chap! No! I did like thee a bit till now, but—A preachin' chap!" she broke off in a voice of supreme disdain and mockery. "No! What soul thee hast, let it go to 'ell!" "Liz! Liz!" the man's voice broke in imploring sobs. "Forgive me! Forgive me! Doctor," and he turned with a piteous look to me, "ax her to forgive me."

The woman was standing with her hands clenched, and her eyes gleaming—a statue of Fury. I then noticed, for the first time, that she was a remarkably handsome woman, though rather coarse. I went round the bed to her.

"Mrs. Crossland," I said quietly, "your husband may not live through-out the night. Do not let him go from this world to the next, whatever it may have in store for him, without your forgiveness. Don't you remember the old prayer, 'Father, forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us'?"

The fury gradually died out of the woman's face, her hands unclenched, and tears welled into her eyes. Her bosom heaved as if suppressed sobs were almost bursting it; then, as though the effort were too much, she dropped on her knees beside the bed, and sobbed aloud.

Crossland was fast sinking; his breath came in difficult gasps, and his dark visage grew almost ashy pale.

"Liz! Liz!" he murmured faintly, "do you forgive me?"

Still the woman sobbed on. Her grief was poignant—was it for the sinfulness or her husband or for the memory of her past love? I asked myself. The old woman—Martha—who was evidently a Roman Catholic, crossed herself and called upon the Virgin Saint to have mercy on the unfortunate man's soul, while he, in most endearing tones, implored his wife's forgiveness.

At last the paroxysm of tears spent itself and the woman became calmer, though she still knelt with her face hidden in her hands. I bent over her and whispered:

"Mrs. Crossland, one word to make him happy. He's dyin'! Remember the prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses—'"

She raised her head. "There was a new light shining on the tear-stained face."

"Yes," she returned, "we should forgive. Years ago, when I went to a Sunday school, I was told that! But 'tis hard, sir—so hard—'cause I loved Jem so, and 'im I didna care—"

"Hush!" I raised a warning finger. "His life is ebbing away. Come, Mrs. Crossland."

"Liz!"

The name came very faintly. Crossland's hand strayed over the coverlet, and I took hers and placed it within his. She rose, bending over the murderer, pressed a long kiss upon his forehead. He opened his eyes and met

hers, and there he read his forgiveness. A smile of peace and contentment illumined his features; he slowly closed his eyes and sighed, and on that sigh the stained soul of Darkie Crossland floated over the border to that land from which no traveler returns.—Grit.

COWS IN THE LAP OF LUXURY.

Extraordinary Pains Taken to Provide Pure Milk for Babies.

The milk which is furnished in the seven depots of the New York milk committee to the babies of the tenements is what all country milk could and should be. The cows on the farm supplying the committee are taken care of as if a cow were the rarest of animals and likely soon to join the dodo and disappear entirely.

They live in a St. Regis sort of larn, the concrete floors and iron and glass walls of which are kept as clean as a parlor. Twice daily the cow stalls are sterilized with live steam. As a precaution against dust they keep no hay or other food in the barn, but send it in as it is needed, by means of a trolley system.

Every day the cows are inspected by a physician, and any cow not in perfect condition is immediately removed from the herd. Twice a month chemists analyze the milk to make sure that it is fully up to the standard of richness and purity.

Before being milked each cow is groomed and sprayed with pure spring water by a man who has been medically examined and has just had a bath and put on a perfectly clean white suit. A second man dries the cow with sterilized single service towels, after which the white-clad milkers, sitting on spotless metal stools, perform their duties.

The milk is strained through sterilized cotton pads into sterilized cans and cooled in a dustproof room, which no one except the white-clad workers is ever permitted to enter. Here the milk is bottled, sealed and packed for its journey to the city. Within 30 hours after the milk is packed it is delivered at the doors of the milk committee's model laboratory in New York.

Five men work in the laboratory sterilizing and filling the bottles. In reality they are filling prescriptions, for every baby has its food especially designated by a skilled physician, the prescriptions varying from week to week according to the age and condition of the child.

These men in their spotless white suits and caps work in a speckless room that is sterilized with steam every morning, preparing food after the most scientific methods and according to physicians' prescriptions, not for infant millionaires, but for babies of the tenements.—Hampton's Magazine.

CAUTION TO HOTEL GUESTS.

Berlin Bonifaces' Extortionate Demands Precipitate a Crusade.

The Berliner Fremdenzeitung, which, according to a resolution passed by the Society of the Berlin Hotel Proprietors, must be handed to all hotel visitors, states that guests would do well to conform to the customary mode of "tipping" if they wish to avoid annoyance, a Berlin dispatch says. The demand made is so outrageous that it is worthy of serious attention.

The visitor is told that he ought to give the waiter a tip of 10 per cent of the amount of his bill in the restaurant. In cafes, where there is a special "Zahl Kellner" (cash waiter), it is the custom to hand an extra douceur to the waiter who attends you.

In hotels, for bills up to \$8, percentage of 25 per cent is claimed, and above \$8, 20 per cent. Thus for a bill of \$15, a levy of \$3 is made, which is divided between the boots, the chambermaid, the lift boy, the page, the porter and the waiter.

The Taegliche Rundschau, in commenting on the impudent publication, says: "According to our experience Englishmen and Americans as a rule either give no tips at all or very moderate ones. The German gives excessive tips and is mostly served worse than the American. Things have come to such a pass in Berlin that in elegant restaurants the waiter refuses, with a lordly wave of the hand, to accept 10 per cent of the bill, even if the bill amounts to \$25, and the manager declares on being spoken to that the man has a right to demand 20 per cent.

Consequent on this publication steps are being taken to initiate a crusade against tipping which has assumed enormous proportions in the Prussian capital.

A New Industry.

"I see that some of these theatrical stars have plays written especially for them."

"What of it, senator?"

"Why couldn't I have a few anecdotes written especially for me to figure in? Eh, what?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Their Reality.

"Are those two sisters fine girls? Well, one is a pattern and the other a model."

"Are they so good as all that?"

"Good in each one's own way. The pattern girl is a dressmaker and the model one with a cloak manufacturer."

—Baltimore American.

He Would Never Know.

"Half a pound of tea, please."

"Green or black?"

"Doesn't matter which. It's for a blind person."—Bon Vivant.

The man who insists he is as good as anybody believes he is better

BADGES A HOBBY WITH MEN.

In Cleveland Failure to Wear One Regarded as Significant.

He was a plain man who walked down the steps from the Hollenden Hotel. His clothes were as quiet as his manner, and his manner was most unassuming.

His shoes were square toed and a dusty black. His collar was low and his necktie was of the ready-made sort you hook to the collar button in front.

His hat was black. His suit was old-fashioned pepper and salt. He was not trying to impress any one.

But across his coat front a row of badges, red and yellow, made unprovoked assault upon the eyes of bystanders, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. There were rosettes at the top and gold lace at the bottom. Letters of gold proclaimed the fact that the plain and unassuming citizen was a member of an organization with a long name; that said organization was holding a convention and that the man behind the badge was on some committee.

The man himself would have told you quietly enough. His badges shrieked it. He seemed somewhat embarrassed by the attention he attracted. One wondered why he suffered them so patiently.

He was willing to talk.

He gave his name and said he had come from Peninsula, Ohio. It developed that he did not suffer from the badges at all. He thought them pretty. He was proud of them.

It's a weakness we men folk have. It's like the passion for red neckties, but more general. More than half the men in Cleveland wear badges.

Some wear them all the time. Some wear them on special occasion only, just as one would wear a medal or a decoration from the emperor of some place or another.

If you don't wear a badge it's a pretty fair sign you don't belong to anything. Most everybody belongs to some organization and nearly every organization in Cleveland has badges for its members. Many of us have half a dozen. We wear one in one lapel button hole and keep the others in a bureau drawer at home.

The badges or emblems that we wear for every day are mostly small. It may be a fraternity pin or it may be an emblem that signifies we belong to the Brotherhood of Pretzel Varnishers.

It may be on the under side of our coat lapel or it may be on the edge of our waistcoat. It may take the form of a necktie pin or decorate the end of a watch fob. You may not see it the first glance, but two chances in three it's somewhere about.

These every-day pins of labor organizations, fraternal and benevolent organizations, miscellaneous clubs and societies are small enough. The ones for conventions, balls and other special occasions may be nearly as big as folded bath towels.

One can't get too many rosettes or too much gold lace or too many metal medallions and cross bars and spread eagles hung on a badge. The more there are the more pleased and proud we men are to wear the badge.

Alfred Henriques runs an office in the Williamson building from which all sorts of badges and buttons are sold. He says more buttons are worn now than during the button craze a few years ago, a craze that preceded the present picture postal-card madness. The difference is that the buttons are not worn all the time, but more for special occasions.

Many of the badges cost as much as \$5 each. They are elaborate with enamel. Some of gold are even more expensive.

Three Kinds of Women.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, the society leader and convert to woman suffrage, said in a recent speech:

"In this country I see three classes of women—first, the woman who starts out in life with the inculcated idea that some man must support her; second, the woman who finds out she must do everything that man does not want to do, and through force of necessity does it; third, a grand army of self-reliant, self-supporting women fulfilling all civic requirements; women strong in their own independence, expecting no man to bear their burdens, asking for equal rights, knowing their obligations as citizens and determined to meet these obligations."

"We women who demand our suffrage from men ask them to honor the women of the United States. From the hour the first white woman landed on our shores woman has stood shoulder to shoulder with man. She has been his equal in toil, in hardship, in devotion. She has been his mother, his wife."

"I appeal to man's sense of justice and of honor, for both of these characteristics are the strong, dominant traits of American men or we would not have the nation we have. And I ask, are these men just to women? To their sons they have given the right of citizenship. They make bondwomen of their daughters."

"Now we women want to be great. We want our independence. We want to show men how we can stand side by side with them in the open field of life. Then shall the world judge us, and my faith in my own womanhood has taught me to believe in all women."

The Purist Again.

Inquirer—What is the next train to New York?

Station Master—Twelve o'clock, sir. I—Isn't there one before that?

S. M.—No, sir; we never run one before the next.—Boston Transcript.

Old Favorites

Down to Sleep.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night;

Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie down to sleep.

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to swell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie down to sleep.

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;

I hear their chorus of "good-night;"
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie down to sleep.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long
Have stood;
Some warm soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us down to sleep.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Fame.

(From Lycidas.)

Alas! what boots it with incessant
care

To tend the homely slighted shepherd's
trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless
Muses?

Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit
doth raise—

That last infirmity of noble mind—
To scorn delights and live laborious
days;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to
find,

And think to burst out into sudden
blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred
shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not
the praise,"

Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trem-
bling ears;

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal
soil,

Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rum-
or lies,

But lives and spreads aloft by those
pure eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging
Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy
meed."

—John Milton.

MEMORIAL FOR JOHN FITCH.

Thinks Honors in Steam Navigation
Should Go to Philadelphia.

The case of John Fitch is a sad one.

He was the pioneer and was success-
ful. He ran his boat on the Delaware
river for months, but he was received
with derision. There was then no
man in this city—probably not in the
whole country—with the prophetic vision
of Chancellor Livingston at a later
day who possessed the wealth and in-
fluence to impress the fact of Fitch's
success on the public, the Philadelphia
Inquirer says. It argues ill for the
state of enlightenment at that time
that there was no one who could fore-
see the possibilities of steam naviga-
tion. If some Philadelphian had arisen
at that moment to do what Livingston
did subsequently in New York, much
of our history might have been changed.

We should have had steamboats
on the western waters nearly twenty
years earlier than we did, the events
of the War of 1812 might have been
more decided, and Napoleon might
have had his steamers to cross the
channel from Boulogne.

It is idle to speculate on what
might have been, but it is certain that
this city owes something to the mem-
ory of Fitch, the prophet whom it re-
jected. The least that can be done is
to rear a monument to his memory
and to place a headstone over his
grave. In the library of the Historical
Society to-day reposes the combined
diary and autobiography of this man.

It is one of the most pathetic of hu-
man documents. It shows the mighty
soul of a man struggling against the
stupidity and conservatism of his age.
We think the Historical Society should
take the initiative in the matter, and
we believe that a reasonable sum can
be secured for a suitable memorial to
a man who was born out of due sea-
son, who deserved so much and got
the worst.

The Place for It.

An old Scotswoman was advised by
her minister to take snuff to keep her-
self awake during the sermon. She
answered briskly, "Why dinna ye pu'
the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

The Shake.

"What did you say last night when
Jack asked you to marry him?"

"I shook my head."

"Sideways or up and down?"—Bos-
ton Transcript.

We have quit worshipping great he-
roes who live a long way off; instead,
in future we shall worship the good
citizens around home.

So far as is known, no widow ever
eloped.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

THE old oaken bucket" shows itself badly in a government sanitary report. The Department of Agriculture has been investigating the condition of some rural water supplies in the State of Minnesota, not universally nor very extensively, but, we presume, in a reasonably representative manner. The report covers seventy-nine farms. Of these, fifty-nine, or nearly 75 per cent, had water supplies which were or had been polluted. In twenty-three cases, or nearly 30 per cent, there were records of typhoid fever. In eleven cases it would have been impossible to make the wells secure against contamination, or even reasonably safe.

That is a shocking showing, but we have no doubt that it could be duplicated in almost every other State. Indeed, in many States the average condition of wells is probably worse than in Minnesota. Especially is this so in the older and more thickly populated regions where primitive methods of water supply and of sewage disposal still prevail, and where in consequence a well is often half well and half cesspool in one. That is why typhoid fever is still a common disease, and is most common in "healthful" rural communities. All the pure air that ever blew over woods and meadows could not counteract the effects of sewage in the well.—New York Tribune.

THE GYROSCOPE RAILROAD.

WALL know how a boy's top will retain its equilibrium while spinning. A gyroscope is a large revolving wheel constructed on the same principle. Placed on a car supported on a single rail by a single line of wheels under its center, it is said that the revolutions of the gyroscope will prevent it from tipping to one side or the other. This has given birth to the idea of a monorail gyroscope railroad.

The development of this idea by experiments with models has been in progress for several years. Recent tests with a full-sized car in England are said to have proven even more successful than with the small models. A 22-ton car, 40 feet long, 13 feet high and 10 feet wide, mounted on a single rail, on four wheels, has run on a single rail, without other support, at a speed of seven miles an hour, and showed no tendency to leave the track or tip, even when the weight it carried was suddenly shifted to one side.

The equilibrium was preserved by two gyroscope wheels weighing three-quarters of a ton each, placed in a cab at the front of the car and running in a vacuum. The car ran equally well around curves as on a straight line, and remained steadier than a car running on two rails, because it was free from the side thrusts which

jolt and jar and sometimes lead to the spreading of the rails.

Without attempting to go into any technical analysis of this idea, we may say that if it ever proves successful in active practice it will revolutionize the railway business. It is obvious that a single track railroad can be built more cheaply than a two track. It is claimed that the gyroscope car can be run up to a speed of 150 miles an hour, and at this speed be steady and safe.

The world nowadays doesn't take the claims of inventors at their estimated value until they "make good," but it has seen so many wonderful innovations that it is ready to admit that almost anything is possible. With aeroplanes under full control navigating the air, and gyroscope cars running along the surface at a speed of 150 miles an hour, future generations will realize the annihilation of distance in travel as we realize it now in verbal and written communication.—Minneapolis Tribune.

AMERICAN SUPERFICIALITY.

OUR national disease is not nervousness, but superficiality. Such is the diagnosis of a learned German observer, Prof. Hugo Muensterberg. He attributes American lack of self-control and of the habit of thoroughness to making woman too frequently the head of the family. Hence woman has been permitted to take the lead in social life, art and literature, culture and moral development. This has entailed a "flippant superficiality and nervous restlessness" in public life.

It is true that American men are very busy. They like to prove themselves equal to every opportunity and masters of many activities. If those be characteristics of a new country, then may its youth be preserved. Other foreign observers have credited American men with alert enterprise and with courage and optimism in conquering adverse conditions. But it appears that they lack the phlegmatic reserve of older civilizations, that averts worry by acquired self-poise and treats the morrow as having been reduced to taking care of itself. It may be admitted that in this country woman occupies a sphere without exact European parallel. But the attentions that she devotes to science, social reform, literature and public affairs have not impaired any element of the American home, nor have they lessened masculine interest in the pursuit of culture. If our social order lacks a dilettante stratum of men, it is because its entire body is wholesomely active. American men do write books, paint pictures, carve statues, and exert themselves in activities for public welfare. If there be too much superficiality, it is not because the men abandon to the women the higher and more serious affairs of life.—Washington Herald.

EARLY GRECIAN COINAGE.

The Sinking of Greeks Remains Standard To-Day.

The invention of coinage is due to the Greeks, most probably to the bankers of Halicarnassos and adjacent Asia Minor, Greek colonies, who toward the end of the eighth century B. C. began stamping small gold and silver ingots, which passed through their hands as currency with a mark of some sort intended to guarantee the weight and purity of the metal; such ingots very soon assumed a round and more regular shape, which we find already in old silver coins from Aegina, nearly contemporary with Asia Minor "beans." Curious to say, none of the surrounding peoples with whom the Asiatic and European Greeks were in constant communication, political or commercial, took up the wonderful invention, which at present seems to us of such obvious necessity that we scarcely realize how the civilized world of old got on without it. As a matter of fact, however, neither the Phoenicians, with their practical commercial sense, nor the Lydians or the Persians, who claimed the supremacy over the cities where the new currency was initiated, nor, of course, the Egyptians, ever had coinage, till the conquest of Alexander disseminated the Greek civilization through the Eastern world. The Romans came to know it through the Greek cities in Sicily and Magna Graecia, and began striking silver coins toward the beginning of the third century B. C. In the meantime, with the Greeks die sinking, like everything else, had fallen within the domain of art, and their coins remain forever a standard of beauty for the artist and a model of perfection to the die sinker.—Saturday Review.

How She Helps Girls.

Miss Annie Cowden has come from Australia to take charge of a home for girls in Philadelphia. She holds the rank of major in the Salvation Army and expects to do army work hereafter in this country. The start of her work in Philadelphia has been marked by a plan which Miss Cowden says she used with success in Australia. She advertises in the newspapers for girls to come to her. The other day the first of the advertisements was inserted as follows: "Any girl who needs help or advice may find a friend in Maj. Annie Cowden, at 5415 Lansdowne avenue." The address is that of the home, and the advertisement brought 112 girls from 12 to 20 years old.

"I have spent fourteen years in the service of the poor and suffering," says Miss Cowden, "and my whole heart is in the work. I don't believe in different moral codes for men and women, or for different classes. I believe that we are all human, liable to temptation and to sin, and I assure you that I learn as much from my girls as they do from me."

Eight women assist Miss Cowden in the home, which is supported entirely by the contributions of girls who have been lifted by its help.

AN OLD-TIME MIDSHIPMAN.

When a boy entered the naval service of the United States in the days following the War of the Revolution, the highest rank obtainable was that of captain, and he had to pass through what R. Macdonough, in the "Life of the Commodore Thomas Macdonough, U. S. Navy," describes as "a laborious and dangerous minority or apprenticeship" before securing the coveted prize.

In those days our midshipmen's lines were not cast in pleasant places, nor were their paths the paths of peace. Although "the wards and children of the public," as they called themselves, little or no attention seems to have been paid to their physical, mental or moral welfare.

They picked up on board ship, as best they could, the technical education necessary to fit them for their profession. Although ship schoolmasters were mentioned in connection with the service, there were few of them. There was no exacting etiquette, no rigid courtesy. Instead, there was the rude discipline of the merchantman transferred to a man-of-war—a discipline often enforced by intemperate and abusive language and occasionally by blows.

"So great were the exactions," wrote Admiral Porter in his "Memoir of Commodore David Porter," "and so unceasing the strain on a boy's nervous temperament, that only the most rugged and determined could remain in the service for any great length of time."

In 1880, when Midshipman Macdonough, afterward the hero and commander of the naval force on Lake Champlain at the beginning of the War of 1812, entered the service, he drew nineteen dollars a month in pay and was entitled to one ration a day.

This, on Sunday, consisted of a pound and a half of beef and half a pint of rice; on Monday a pound of pork, half a pint of beans or peas, four ounces of cheese; Tuesday, a pound of beef, a pound of potatoes or turnips, pudding; Wednesday, two ounces of butter or six ounces of molasses, four ounces of cheese, half a pint of rice; Thursday, a pound of salt fish, two ounces of butter or one gill of oil, a pound of potatoes; Saturday, a pound of pork, half a pint of peas or beans, four ounces of cheese, and every day a pound of bread.

The value of this ration was twenty-eight cents. It was changed later, by act of Congress, March 3, 1801, to a ration of a value of twenty cents.

When Midshipman Macdonough—he was sixteen when he entered the service—appeared in full dress uniform, he wore a coat of blue cloth with short lapels faced with the same, and ornamented with six buttons, standing collar with a diamond formed of gold lace on each side, not exceeding two inches square; slashed sleeves with small buttons, all buttonholes worked with gold thread; single-breasted blue vest with flaps, no buttons to the pockets; blue or white breeches; gold-laced cocked hat, shoes with buckles, and a hanger.

When in undress uniform, he wore a short blue coat without worked buttonholes, and having a standing collar with a button and a slip of gold lace on each side. Dirks were not to be worn on shore by any officer.

This was the uniform prescribed by the Navy Department under Robert Smith, Secretary of the Navy from 1801 to 1809.

THE FAMILY SEARCH-LIGHT.

One Girl Who Didn't Appear Well When It Was Turned On.

"She says Jim's fickle," Christine remarked, with a smile which told what she thought of any one who doubted her brother Jim's steadfastness.

"And what do you say?" asked the other girl.

"I know better. When he first met her at the house party he was dazzled by her prettiness. Couldn't see a thing back of it. But as soon as she came to visit us, a lot of characteristics that he'd never suspected glared out, and naturally he felt differently. I don't call that being fickle."

"I suppose, as a matter of fact, you and your mother did your part to make him see her faults."

"If you mean we criticized her—no, we didn't. The very first night she came, when she found she was to share my room, she coolly asked me to move to the back parlor couch, because she couldn't rest unless I did. Then she forgot to say good morning to my grandmother, and all the time she was there she never once raised her voice so that grandma could hear what she was saying, even when you could see perfectly that grandma was trying to listen. And you know we all feel that grandma is a regular queen in our house."

"Of course I know. Especially Jim."

"Yes, that's it. Well, the second evening we had Bob Richards over, and the four of us played cards. Mother was awfully tired. She'd had a hard day, but she went and fixed a spread for us on the dining room table—hot chocolate with whipped cream, and cake, and ice cream in the tall-stemmed glasses, and everything as dainty as could be, with candles lighted, and all. Jim and I could see from where we were sitting that she was getting it ready, and when she stepped to the door and asked us to come out, of course we laid down our cards and started. That

was the time Gertrude finished herself. She said:

"Oh, please not just yet, Mrs. Bassler! I have a peach of a hand, and I can't wait to see what I can do to them with it!"

"You ought to have seen Jim's face when he settled back into his chair, and pretty soon saw mother taking the chocolate back to the fire and the melting ice cream to the refrigerator—but Gertrude never felt a thing."

"What did Jim say about it afterward?"

"We never mentioned it to him. If you think for one minute that mother and I turned Jim against Gertrude by talking about her—There, I see that's exactly what you have been thinking. No, sir! All we did was to shed the light of our sweetest, politest, most considerate behavior on her—and let her display herself in it. Mother calls that turning the family search-light on her. She says if Gertrude had been the girl for Jim, she would have shone out all the more lovely under the test. And I know one thing; I may lose all my common sense when I fall in love—most people do, I believe—but if I don't, I'll never take any man for a husband who doesn't look well under that kind of a family search-light."—Youth's Companion.

OVERBOARD AT SEA.

To be lost overboard on a dark night, hundreds of miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, with a strong wind blowing, and to live to tell the tale, does not happen to many sailors. William Galloway, of the crew of the British ship Kilbrannan, had such an experience several years ago, and told his story to a reporter of a San Francisco newspaper of the time, from which the following account is taken:

Galloway is a brown-faced Scotch ladie who says "mither" for mother, and everything about him, from the frayed bottoms of his jean trousers to the wiry-looking tufts of hair which peep from beneath the front beak of his little fore-and-aft cap, betoken the rollicking, happy-go-lucky deep-sea sailor boy. Of his adventure, First Mate William Coalfield said:

"It was 8 o'clock in the evening. We were fifty-five days out from Philadelphia, bound for Hio, Japan, and near latitude forty-four one south, longitude fourteen forty-four east. A strong, easterly wind was blowing. It was dark and bitter cold, and the sea was running very high."

"Galloway was half-way up the ratlines, unhooking a block from the main sheet, when the ship gave a lurch and he fell into the sea."

"The captain threw him a life buoy. The ship was brought up in the wind as quickly as possible and a boat lowered and manned. I took command of her."

"We heard the boy shout as we were lowering the boat, but he had yelled himself hoarse, and we had nothing to guide us as we pulled aimlessly about in the heavy sea."

"We pulled round for over an hour, and as we lost sight of the ship several times, and the night was getting rougher and thicker, I was about to give up the search in despair, when we heard a feeble moan, and straining our eyes saw Galloway clinging to the life buoy, almost under our bow."

"We soon had him on board, but it took some slapping and rubbing to put warmth into his rigid limbs."

Galloway said to the reporter, "I am a good swimmer and managed to ride the big seas that came along, but it was terribly cold, and my legs began to feel like lead. It was a good job for me that the water was so black, or I never could have seen the white life buoy as it came to me on the crest of a wave."

"I got it under my arms and stopped paddling. I was tired out. I shouted as long as I could, but my voice grew husky."

"The albatrosses and mollyhawks swooped down on me, and I kept waving my arms, thinking every moment that one of them would drive its beak through my skull."

"I lost all hope, and thought of mother and my sisters in Glasgow. Then I saw the white hull of the mate's boat. I tried hard to shout. They heard me and I was soon hauled on board."

"The captain gave me medicine, and with plenty of warm blankets and hot coffee, I soon began to feel myself again."

Dodging a Slander.

During a suit for slander brought in an Ohio town one of the parties was asked by the presiding magistrate:

"Is it true, as alleged, that you declared that Thomas Mulkins had stolen your pocketbook?"

"Your honor," responded the man, "I did not go so far as that. I merely said that if Mulkins had not assisted me in looking for the pocketbook I might have found it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Poems.

"May I offer you this little gift, Fraulein Kate?"

"Excuse me I never take presents from men."

"But it is only a copy of my book of poems."

"In that case I will accept. I thought it was something valuable."—Fliegende Blätter.

A woman can put a lot of meaning in few words when she says of another: "She isn't so innocent as she looks."

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

Australia will borrow \$5,000,000 for railway construction, rolling stock, development of the gold fields, etc.

The first American book printed in the colonies was the "Bay Psalm Book." It was printed at Cambridge, Mass., in 1640.

Of the 2,100 foreigners whose names appear on the tax lists of Yokohama, 1,319 who are not leaseholders are at present declining to pay municipal taxes.

Most of the cotton produced in China is grown on small farms of five to seven acres. The whole family engages in the cultivating and works as many as twelve hours a day.

Coatesville, Pa., is making preparations for celebrating next year the one hundredth anniversary of the rolling of the first boiler plate in America. This was done in that place in 1810 in a small mill operated by water power, which was the beginning of a great plant.

A perfect feminine face should measure exactly five times the width of an eye across the cheek bones. The eye should be exactly two-thirds the width of the mouth and the length of the ear exactly twice that of the eye. The space between the eyes should be exactly the length of one eye.

Queen Helena of Italy has signified her intention of becoming a member of the International Congress of Mothers. She wishes to join in the work for the welfare of the children of the world, and will send a special envoy to the next meeting of the organization, which is to be held in Denver next year.

An unsolved problem in geological history is the disappearance of the gigantic dinosaurs which may be said to have ruled the animal world in the cretaceous period. They are known to have lived in nearly all lands until the close of that period, says Dr. A. S. Woodward, and there is no reason to believe that they suffered from a struggle with any warm-blooded competitors. They seem to have died a natural death.

"What's that bonehead of a husband o' mine done now?" asked the wife of an east side thug of a pair of precinct detectives as they pushed their way into her tenement room. "Dinged a feller's crust, ye say? And ye'll git him, I s'pose. Now ain't that jest like the big mut? Why, say he never done nothin' and got away with it clean 'cept t' lift a doormat, and that had 'Welcome' on it. There it is under the bed."—New York Tribune.

At a meeting of teachers in London, Dr. Cunningham, head of the Municipal Dental Institute for Children, at Cambridge, England, recommended the formation of tooth brush clubs. "Even if the brushes are far from being ideal," Dr. Cunningham said, "the result is invariably beneficial. At Cambridge we start with the youngest child, and once we have treated a child we assume the responsibility of keeping its teeth in good condition until it leaves school—without recourse to forceps."

The futility of hunting fugitives with bloodhounds when the trails of those sought lead across the modern olled thoroughfares was demonstrated recently in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago. Many robberies resulted in an addition to the police force of two bloodhounds. Tests were made of the dogs' ability to follow trails, and all proved successful until the person making the trail took an oiled street. The scent was immediately lost, according to the police, and the dogs were unable to pick it up again.—Popular Mechanics.

Prime Minister Zahle of Denmark, who violated all court traditions by going to a royal reception wearing a black slouch hat, and his wife, who retains her place as a stenographer in the Danish parliament, are subjects of many jokes in European papers. The current number of *Ulk* has a cartoon showing Herr Zahle making an address in parliament. His wife, rising from the reporters' table, says: "Hubby, dear; just a moment; make a little pause; Europe must have patience; the point of my pencil has broken off."

Governor Fort of New Jersey is fond of telling the following story of how he shot his first rabbit: When a boy on the Fort homestead, in Burlington county, he was hurriedly called on by some boys of the neighborhood and told to get his gun, as a nice, fat rabbit was perched on a fence near the house. He quickly sallied forth, gun in hand. Blazing away with both barrels at the game, he rushed over and found the animal dead. "And," adds the governor, "judging by the atmosphere in the neighborhood, it had probably been dead for more than a week."

A letter from Venice published in *Figaro*, says that visitors to that city may soon see there "the largest fresco painting in the world." It is the work of a Venetian painter, Bruchi, and covers a space of seventy meters (230 feet) in length. The article says that this great work, which is said to be of artistic excellence, is in the municipal loan establishment of Venice. When the Wald Nord painting in the Hotel de Ville, at Paris, was unveiled, it was contended that its three thousand square feet made it the largest painting in the world, but the ceiling painting in the palace at Wurzburg, painted in 1753, covering a space of about 5,400 square feet, was probably forgotten when this claim was made.

Book News and Reviews.

A copy of the Kilmarnock Burns was sold in Boston the other day for \$1,025. It was a tall, clean copy of that rare first edition and was purchased by a Scotchman, who will take it back to his native clime.

The depredations of vandal tourists have almost destroyed the famous chambers of Martin Luther at Wartburg. They have carved their names all over his table and have chipped so many bits off his bedstead that restoration would mean making it anew. The plaster has similarly disappeared from the walls and the celebrated inkstand is no more. The room, in short, is in a state of ruin.

"Women in the Making of America," Mr. H. Addington Bruce's forthcoming book, will give an adequate account of woman's work and influence from the earliest years of civilization to the present time. His work is divided into seven periods—in the time of the founding, in the forgotten half century, in the Revolution, in the Westward movement, in the struggle over slavery, in the Civil War and in present-day America.

A great-grandson of Robert Burns is a maker of tea urns in London. This George Pykes is the son of Anne Burns, who was the daughter of the poet's son Robert. He says of his mother that she "was the very image of Burns himself, with the flashing dark eyes and jet black hair. She could sing, too. She used to sing nearly all her grandfather's songs. I am afraid her father, 'Robbie's' son, was not quite everything that he ought to have been, but I know very little of him; but my mother was as good and honest a woman as ever breathed."

To be born in the precincts of a prison and to die the wife of the proudest monarch in Europe—such was the fate of Francoise d'Aubigne, generally known as Mme. de Maintenon. C. C. Dyson, who has written a new book on "Madame de Maintenon," urges that she has been the victim of much scandalous gossip, and that she was a woman of singular nobility of character and life. Mr. Dyson says in his preface: "Having weighed the evidence for and against disputed points, the author has extracted from the mass of superfluous matter the leading traits of her character and the most interesting episodes of her life." One of the most important parts of the book is Mr. Dyson's account of Mme. de Maintenon's great work, the school of St. Cyr.

FAST WORK PART OF HIS JOB.

Training Has Equipped the Correspondent for Quick Action.

A few years ago when the managing editor of a big newspaper called Hector Fuller, now the word artist, ahead of a popular dramatic star, into his

room one morning and remarked, "We are going to send you to report the Japanese-Russian war for us," the young man showed no special surprise. He had been a sailor before the mast; he had fought with the English army in Egypt—he had been a police reporter. He had learned to be ready for emergency.

"When do I go?" Fuller asked.

"To-night," said the managing editor. That night's express carried a broad-shouldered, determined-looking young man with his war kit to New York. Two weeks later Mr. Fuller was picking up bits of war news in Manchuria with the same energy that he used to report the police court in a big American city.

It was Fuller who gave the world the first real news regarding the condition of the Russians in the beleaguered city—Port Arthur.

"It was no fun crossing a great expanse of strange waters in a little Chinese boat with two Chinamen for company," said Fuller. "But I had to get the news—that managing editor wanted it."

In order to be the first newspaper man to get into Port Arthur it was necessary for Fuller to cross the Gulf of Pechill from Chefoo to Pigeon bay, a distance of 120 miles, says the Louisville Times. It was a trying trip, but a man who had traveled the road to Mandalay in the glare of India's sun without food or water for forty-eight hours and who had helped stand the onslaught of 5,000 crazy dancing dervishes didn't mind it. Fuller landed within five miles of Port Arthur.

He was promptly arrested by the Russians and taken into the besieged city. That was what he wanted. He had not bargained, though, for nine days in a Russian jail. Finally he was released by the famed Gen. Stoessel and literally kicked out of the city. Being a resourceful young man, he hustled for the nearest point where there was telegraphic communication with the world. Then he told the story of the siege.

"It was pretty tough on the paper," said Fuller, "for my first cable message cost them \$2,400. But the managing editor was game and stood for it."

"I had a lot of hot experiences," he continued, "but they were all trivial as compared with the night I spent in that little Chinese sampan on the Gulf of Pechill with those two yellow-faced heathen."

Before and After.

She was a frivolous, fashionable young woman with beaux galore, but one man with only a small income seemed to be the favorite.

"You'll have to work hard before you win that girl," said his mother.

"And a good deal harder after you win her," answered his father, who knew what he was talking about.

Nearly every unsuccessful man claims to be responsible for some other man's success.

People often feel like saying things to other people that they never do say.

HUN-DOWN PEOPLE
are restored to health and strength by

Vinol

Quicker than by any other tonic. We sell it with the understanding that if it does not benefit we return the money. Please try it.

The Andrews & Schwenk Drug Co., Seymour.

THE REPUBLICAN

JAY C. SMITH, Editor and Publishers
EDW. A. REMY

Entered at the Seymour, Indiana Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

DAILY

One Year.....\$5 00
Six Months.....2 50
Three Months.....1 25
One Month.....45
One Week.....20

WEEKLY

One Year in Advance.....\$1 00

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1910

* HARMONY, organization and victory are words that party leaders are keeping in mind.

AT THE end of another week the republicans of Indiana will have their organization complete and the men chosen for the organization will have the cordial support of all Indiana republicans.

INDIANA republicans are loyal to President Taft and stand solidly in support of his policies. They hope for useful and creditable legislation and they look to republicans in congress to get together and carry out party pledges on lines laid down by President Taft.

REPUBLICANS of Seymour and Jackson township should keep in mind the township convention to be held in the council chamber tomorrow evening at 7:30. This is the first step towards the reorganization of the party and all republicans should participate. Harmony is the watchword of republicans this year.

IN A recent issue of the Commoner William J. Bryan declared in favor of prohibition. While that has not been the doctrine of the democratic party Bryan may make it so when he

writes the next democratic platform. Since 1896 democratic conventions have been adopting everything Bryan declared for and if he says put in a prohibition plank in it will go.

Announcement.

Fernando W. Wesner, of Jackson township, authorizes his announcement as a candidate for Prosecuting Attorney of the Fortieth Judicial Circuit, composed of the counties of Jackson and Scott, subject to the democratic voters thereof. d&w-tf

Township Convention.

Pursuant to call of the County Chairman the Republicans of Jackson Township will meet in mass convention on Saturday evening Jan. 29th at 7:30 in the City Hall at Seymour for the purpose of electing four delegates and three alternates to the District Convention and one committeeman from each precinct in the township.

I. G. SALTSMARSH,
Twp. Chairman.

j29d

Miscellaneous Shower.

The members of the Sewing Club gave a miscellaneous shower for Miss Lula Casey Thursday evening at the home of Miss Gladys Kyte on N. Walnut street. The house was decorated with red hearts and flowers. A two course luncheon was served. The cream served was in the shape of hearts. The announcement of the engagement of Miss Casey to Mr. June Holderman, of Indianapolis, was made sometime ago. The wedding will take place in the spring.

Last Week.

For special low prices on odd trousers. DEHLERS STORE. j29d

English Drama Class.

Miss Andrews' class in English Drama will meet tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Library. The subject for discussion will be Shakespeare's "Henry IV."

PARIS FACES PESTILENCE

Grim Spectre of Disease Hovers Over Capital.

CITY FLOODED WITH FILTH

With the Destruction of the Sewerage Systems Great French Capital Is Menaced by a Silent Terror More Dreadful Than the Flood, and the Gravest Fears Have Been Aroused—With the Waters Still Rising There Is No Hope Held Out For Early Relief From Distressing Conditions Which Confront Parisians.

Paris, Jan. 28.—Faster than it escapes below the city, the flood is coming down from the upper reaches, and consequently the river is still rising here. Water is pouring over the parapet of the Cours de la Reine on the south side of the Place de la Concorde. Soldiers are rapidly building ramparts on the walls with bags of cement. If the parapet breaks the whole Champs Elysees will be swamped. A cordon of troops has been placed around the Place de la Concorde. Many of the streets are completely deserted.

Even if the flood now recedes unchecked the worst is not over. Subsidences continue and are likely to increase, endangering numbers of buildings. The extent of this danger is yet unknown. The water has so percolated everywhere that foundations may be found to be sapped in unexpected directions at surprising distances from the river. Then there is the task of feeding and housing the many thousands of refugees. Above all is the specter of disease, which haunts the administrative authorities and the public alike. A conference of leading physicians and health officers has been arranged to devise regulations to prevent or combat typhoid fever and other possible epidemics. This danger seems to grow even more menacing now that attention is partially diverted from anxiety concerning the height of the river itself. A large part of Paris is now without a sewerage system. Many of the sewers have burst, while others are choked with mud. Numbers of cellars contain beneath the flood water deposits of indescribable filth. Some of the streets are strewn with loathsome refuse.

The work of rescuing and supplying food is going on without interruption. Many more men, including a number of sailors from the northern and western parts, are now employed in this labor. All work with gallant devotion, which received recognition when the chamber of deputies formally recorded its admiration of their zeal and resource.

The question of the price of food was also raised in the chamber. M. Briand, the prime minister, won applause by promising that the government would intervene to prevent an unwarranted increase in values. Coal, wood and petroleum have risen considerably. The senate adopted a short bill extending the time for the payment of taxes by sufferers in the flooded districts.

The flood has encroached in many unexpected places. Numerous residences in the wealthy quarters, which hitherto had been free of water, had their cellars flooded. Their occupants promptly moved to hotels. Among these were Mr. Bacon, the American ambassador, the basement of the embassy being swamped.

An incident which enormously impressed Parisians was the closing of the well-known Printemps department stores. The building has two basement stories, and a wild scramble to save goods began when the water first entered. It was impossible to save all, and soon boxes of stock were floating in the muddy water. The lower basement did not take long to fill and the upper one was then invaded. The management then dismissed all the assistants, turned off the lights and closed the building.

Two well-known restaurants, Durand's and LaDue's, were forced to close. The fashionable tradesmen on the Rue de la Paix were compelled to shut up their places of business. The pavement in front of Tiffany's, in the Place de l'Opera, began to fill and the place was promptly roped off. The Gare St. Lazaire, the terminus of the Western railroad, has been closed to traffic, as the substratum is sinking. The Louvre was closed today. M. Lamolle, administrator of the museum, fears no damage to the national collections. The cellars contain only old frames, lumber and such material. The three great entrances to the Louvre, have been securely barricaded with bars of cement.

Graft Against City Alleged.

Chicago, Jan. 28.—Eleven persons, city employees and contractors, have been indicted by the grand jury in true bills charging conspiracy to defraud the city of Chicago out of \$253,003 in the Lawrence avenue sewer "shale rock" graft scandal.

Latham's Good Fortune.

Cairo, Jan. 28.—While Aviator Latham was making a flight at Heliopolis, something happened to his monoplane and he fell 150 feet. The machine was smashed, but Latham marvellously escaped injury.

INSURANCE SWINDLE STRONGLY SUSPECTED

A Case at Louisville May Reveal Others.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 28.—John J. Keane, P. J. Needham and T. T. O'Leary, agents representing a number of insurance companies in Indiana, Tennessee, Kentucky and other states, were last night arrested on warrants charging them with conspiracy to defraud. The warrants were sworn out by S. C. Renick, secretary and treasurer of the Indiana National Life Insurance company. While the amount involved is not stated, it is understood to reach \$200,000 or more, in policies alleged to have been written on the lives of persons virtually certain to die within a few months—the fraud consisting in the impersonation of sick and incurable persons by healthy ones employed for the purpose.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 28.—"I believe this investigation, now under way, will unearth the biggest swindle in the insurance line ever exposed west of New York," said State Insurance Commissioner Bell as he took up the case of Walter E. Rider, a teamster, who died Jan. 4, and whose body was exhumed by the coroner on the request of certain insurance companies. The death certificate indicated that Rider died of intestinal trouble, but it is reported that the autopsy showed a large portion of the lungs eaten away, supposedly by tuberculosis.

Commissioner Bell has taken up the case at the request of life insurance companies in Indiana and Tennessee, who are said to be large losers by reason of "graveyard" swindles.

These companies, which it is said have already paid \$10,000 on policies issued in the Rider case, are excluded from doing business in this state, yet it is said they have carried on a large business in Kentucky through an agency at New Albany, across the river from Louisville.

The scheme supposed to have been worked is to a certain extent an old one, the companies issuing policies to men virtually in the shadow of the grave after having examined a man of athletic build who was represented as the applicant.

Local insurance men refuse to say anything regarding the matter because they wish to recover policies now outstanding with the "dummies" involved in the swindle.

Rider was a teamster earning \$9.50 a week, who carried \$15,000 insurance. Rider died two weeks ago and was buried the day after he died. All of the policies were made in favor of Rider's wife. The applications for Rider's policies were signed by Patrick Needham, an insurance broker of Louisville. It was said also that the check for the first premium on one of the policies, the only premium paid, was signed by Needham.

The theater at Paris which is to give its initial presentation, has already booked seats to the amount of \$125,000 for the production of Rostand's "Chanticleer."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrah that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrah Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.



Anty Drudge's Opinion.

Mrs. Doubtful—"Which kind of soap do you like best, Anty, yellow or white?"

Anty Drudge—"I'd rather have a yellow soap that makes the clothes white than a white soap that makes them yellow. Fels-Naptha makes the clothes white as snow. It's yellow because that is the natural color of soap when it hasn't been bleached and weakened by chemicals."

Perhaps a woman feels more like working in Winter than Summer.

Perhaps she feels more like pitching in and doing a big week's washing.

But that's no reason why she should boil her clothes and wash them in hot water.

No reason why she should fill her house with nauseous steam and run the risk of catching a bad cold.

No reason for reddening hands and face by hot water and steam.

No reason for breaking her back over the washtub, hard-rubbing.

No indeed. Washing with Fels-Naptha soap in lukewarm water is just as sensible in Winter as in Summer.

Let Fels-Naptha save the boiling and hard-rubbing.

Let it do your washing in half the time of the old way.

Save your energy for something else.

If you don't know the Fels-Naptha way of washing by heart, read and follow the simple directions printed on the red and green wrapper.

Tells also how to best wash flannels, woollens, colored things.

NO ADVANCE IN WAGES

Coal Operators Let Out a Hint to the Miners' Convention.

Pittsburg, Jan. 28.—Operators of Ohio and western Pennsylvania coal mines met here and after a lengthy conference decided it would be impossible to grant any advance to miners for the coming year. The miners will be so informed at the meeting in Toledo next Tuesday. Whether it has been decided to ask the miners of Ohio, Indiana and western Pennsylvania to accept a reduction is not known, but it is thought the present rate of wages will be offered in continuance.

Investigation of mining conditions in the great Pittsburg district leads to the belief that there will be no effort made on the part of the Pittsburg

miners to strike and that every effort will be made by the union men here to induce Local President Francis Feehan as well as National President Thomas Lewis to rule against a strike for increase in wages at or after the Toledo conference.

New Albany, Ind., Jan. 28.—An indictment charging Mrs. Pearl Armstrong with murder in the first degree in killing her husband, George Armstrong, by administering poisons on Dec. 19, has been returned by a special grand jury.

Ex-Patrolman Acquitted.

Lawrenceburg, Ind., Jan. 28.—The trial of ex-Patrolman Louis Wingenter on the charge of manslaughter for shooting Harry Justis last November, came to an end when a jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Now is the Time

To buy the Piano, Organ, Musical Instrument, Talking Machine, Records or Sheet Music. We are getting ready for one of the greatest sales of Pianos, Organs, Musical Instruments, Sheet Music and Post Cards ever held in Seymour. WE ARE GOING TO SELL AT LESS THAN COST TO MANUFACTURE.

A Few of Our Big Bargains:

Sheet Music, everything goes at 9c per copy—9c
Post Cards, Valentine, fancy and local, all cards 1c
Fine \$250 Pianos go at - - - - - \$125
Fine \$75 Organs go at - - - - - \$45

Everything must be sold.

Come now and get first choice.

Van de Walle Music Co.

Buns
Rolls
Muffins
Biscuits
Waffles
Pop overs
Coffee Bread
Made with—

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Makes Breakfast a Success

COPYRIGHT 1909 WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE
BREAKFAST
QUESTION



SPECIAL OFFER

To close 18 Children's Fine Overcoats, in ages 4 and 5 only, we are offering them at

\$1.50

Former price \$3.00 to \$5.00.
We make this concession in price because the sizes are all small.
See them in our window.
"Nuf ced."

THE HUB

WALL PAPER

25 Per Cent. or One-Fourth Off on All 1909 Wall Paper until Feb. 1st, at

T. R. Carter's

Majestic Theatre

One Week, Starting
Monday Night, January 31

HARVEY D. ORR Presents The

HARVEY STOCK COMPANY

IN REPERTOIRE

Of the Latest and Best Plays with Full Equipment of Special Scenery for Each Play; Comedy, Drama and Auadeville. LADIES FREE MONDAY NIGHT IF ACCOMPANIED BY A PAID 30 CENT TICKET.

OPENING PLAY

"Power of Politics"

(A Companion Play to "The Man of the Hour")

Sale of Seats Opens Saturday Noon, Jan. 29, at Miller's Book Store.
POPULAR PRICES—10, 20 and 30cts.

WANT ADVERTISING

FOR RENT—Four room house. Inquire Will Husted. j27d

FOR SALE—Buggy and carriage. Inquire here. dtf

WANTED AT ONCE—Girl to sing for Traveling Barnum, the magician and ventriloquist. Kurtz, Ind. j29d

FOR SALE—Good heavy team of young farm horses. Bargain if sold soon. Call at Cobb farm, 1 mile west Seymour. H. M. Barth, R-7. dmw&fwk

Seymour Temperatures.

The following are the maximum and minimum temperatures as shown by the government thermometers at the Seymour volunteer weather observation station and reported by J. Robert Blair, observer. The figures are for twenty-four hours ending at noon:

	MAX	MIN
January 27, 1910.	60	35

Weather Indications.

General fair tonight and Saturday.

Watches for 1910

We are quoting strong values in watches of reliable make. This should influence the anticipation of the New Year's needs.

D. Gruen & Sons fine thin-model gentleman watch.
E. Howard high grade watches.
Elgin and Waltham watches.

Every watch is guaranteed. Make your selection now for the New Year. Have the watch regulated and engraved and it will be ready for use at any time.

J. G. LAUPUS
JEWELER

PERSONAL.

Earl Sullivan was in the city this morning.

Rev. Cranford was here from Scottsburg this morning.

Nicholas Harper of Madison, was here this afternoon.

S. W. Nicklaus was here from Madison Thursday evening.

Ernest D. Snyder, of Columbus, was in the city this afternoon.

Joseph Schuler was here from Crothersville Thursday afternoon.

S. C. McClain of Washington, was in this city Thursday afternoon.

Barney McMillan, of Medora, was here this morning on business.

James W. Cunningham was here from Brownstown this morning.

W. W. Casey was here from Crothersville Thursday on business.

John Middendorf, of near Jonesville, was in the city this morning.

Mrs. C. J. Remy, of Columbus, spent today with E. A. Remy and family.

J. Alf Cox, of Crothersville, made a business trip to Medora this morning.

Wm. Middendorf and son, of near Jonesville, were in the city this afternoon.

Miss Maud Bunton went to Terre Haute at noon today to spend a few days with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Harris, of Rising Sun, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Harris.

Peter Richart went to the Muscatatuck bottoms this afternoon to try his luck at duck hunting.

Estel Hancock returned home this morning from a business trip to Mitchell, Paoli and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Miller, Mrs. J. H. Matlock and Mrs. Cora Hunsucker were passengers to Brownstown Thursday.

A. B. Tressler, of Indianapolis, representative of the Indianapolis News, was transacting business in the city today.

Thomas M. Honan has returned from Washington City, where he spent two days the guest of Congressman Lincoln Dixon.

Otto Breitfield, agent for the Adams Express Company at Scottsburg, came home this morning on account of the death of his sister, Olga Breitfield.

Miss Lenna Daniel who has been visiting Miss Mahel Shields, returned to home in Delhi, O., this morning. Miss Shields accompanied her and will be her guest for several days.

FOREIGN HAIR CRITICS

Shrewd foreign observers have remarked that if the American woman of middle age would spend a fraction as much money on her hair as she does on her boots and hosiery she would be the most ravishing creature in the world. In France and England the first gray hair is a tragedy, and to avert this tragedy as long as possible is a matter of vital and absorbing moment. When attacked with prompt action, however, this tragic army may be utterly routed or its onslaught at least postponed. Nearly all druggists nowadays carry in stock or can promptly get HAY'S HAIR HEALTH, which is recognized antidote for prematurely gray hair. It is well to avoid unknown and untested remedies claiming to be just as good as HAY'S HAIR HEALTH. Many of these preparations are distinctly harmless, and their only excuse for being is to trade on the twenty year's reputation and good-will that HAY'S HAIR HEALTH has earned by reason of its remarkable efficacy when applied in time. It costs only 50c or a dollar for a bottle. At druggists or from the manufacturer, Philo Hay Specialties Co., Newark, N. J., U. S. A. C. W. Milhous and A. J. Pellens.

Chase & Sanborn coffee is the best. For Sale at the Model Grocery. j29d

Practiced Without License.

Indianapolis, Jan. 28.—Treating diseased persons for hire by "suggestion," accompanied by rubbing and advertising oneself as "doctor" constitute an offense against the law of Indiana, unless the practitioner has a physician's license, according to the supreme court. "Doctor" Colonel E. Witty of Terre Haute learned this fact by the affirmation of a judgment fining him \$25.

Coal Mine on Fire.

Brazil, Ind., Jan. 28.—Fire of unknown origin was discovered in mine No. 61, or the Rosebud mine, of the Vandavia Coal company, at Cloverland. About 400 men are thrown out of work. This is the mine where an explosion occurred on Dec. 5, 1905, when many men were burned and several were killed.

Want Ads. get results. Try one.

W. H. BURKLEY
REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE
and LOANS
SEYMOUR, INDIANA

BLIND TIGERS PLAYING SAFE

Fifty Immunity Baths Taken at Gary.

BEAT THE GRAND JURY TO IT

Hearing That They Stood a Chance of Being Haled Into Circuit Court, Fifty Proprietors of Illicit Liquor Salerooms Appear in Police Court at Gary and Smilingly Pay the Fines There Assessed—Some Lawyers Say Collusion Can Be Shown and That the Immunity Bath Will Avail Nothing.

Gary, Ind., Jan. 28.—"Immunity baths" were given the proprietors of fifty blind tigers in Mayor Knott's police court, in order to escape being indicted by the grand jury, which is now in session at Crown Point. They were arrested on warrants sworn out by Chief of Police Joseph Marken and ordered to appear in the police court. The blind pig keepers all appeared before Mayor Knott, who sits as police judge. They all pleaded guilty and were fined \$50 and costs, amounting to \$60. A sentence of thirty days in jail was added. The sentence, however, was suspended on good behavior, and Chief of Police Marken was appointed their probation officer.

The grand jury in session at Crown Point last November returned indictments against sixty "blind tiger" keepers. When the cases came up for trial in the circuit court, all were dismissed by Judge McMahon because of faulty indictments. The judge later called a special session of the grand jury, which is now investigating the blind pig cases from Gary.

Fearing they would be indicted and receive heavy fines and jail sentences when their cases came up for trial, they appealed to Mayor Knott to find a way out of their difficulties. Word went out secretly that the way had been found, and later Chief Marken, armed with warrants, made the arrests. All the proprietors paid their fines and left the courtroom with smiles on their faces, thinking they would be immune from being indicted by the grand jury. However, well-known attorneys in Gary say they can show collusion, and that the "immunity bath" will result in nothing.

Gary is really "dry" for the first time since the saloon licenses expired. After the blind pig proprietors paid their fines, Mayor Knott's clamped down the "lid" with a bang, and "boozers" will have to quench their thirst in some other manner until licenses are granted by the county commissioners next May. Curtains were drawn in the places of the former "blind tigers" and the "nothing doing" sign was placed on the door.

LOTTERY TICKETS

Were Found in Abundance When This Man Was Arrested.

New York, Jan. 28.—Charles O. Backus has been arrested for using the mails to send Mexican National lottery tickets to customers. Under the name of Louis Levin, Backus was arrested in February, 1903, on the same charge and 50,000 lottery coupons were seized. Under another name he was arrested six months ago and fined. Since then he has been doing business on the Bowery. In the office several thousand tickets of German and Mexican lotteries were seized as well as checks, money orders, etc.

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. FORD, 2207 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.



Have Opened a Dental Office in Seymour Where We Will Do the Very Best Dental Work at the Following Reduced Prices: 22K Gold Crown . . . 3.00 to 4.00 Bridge Work . . . 3.00 to 4.00 Fillings 50c up. Teeth extracted without pain 25c. For a limited time a good set of teeth 5.00. The very best of teeth . . . 6.50 Where new teeth are ordered the price of extracting is deducted from the price of the new teeth. All work first class and guaranteed.

J. H. Groscurth, D. D. S.
Room 9 Masonic Temple, Seymour

SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK
Piano Teacher,
Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St.
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.



There's a Cold Wave Coming

How are you fixed to meet it? Got coal enough to last? Better let us fill up your bin now so that no matter how long the weather stays cold, you can stay warm. Think there's no difference in coal? One trial of ours will prove your mistake. Shall we have your order today?

Raymond City
Coal at \$3.75.

EBNER
Ice and Cold Storage Co.
PHONES NO. 4.

FOR SALE

100-acre sand farm, 3 miles from Seymour, must be sold in 90 days. \$6,000. 70-acre sand farm, 3 miles from Seymour. \$3,000. 150 acres, 4 miles from Seymour. \$75 per acre. These farms all have good improvements and are located on good pikes.

See E. C. BOLLINGER, Agt.
Phones, No. 186 and No. 5

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We want to do your tailoring. Give us a trial. Prices reasonable. Best of work in cleaning, pressing and dyeing. Phone 468.

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PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT

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BATHS

Take Turkish Salt-glow Baths for all kinds of Lung Trouble.

AHLERT'S TURKISH BATH ROOMS

LEWIS & SWAILS
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SEYMOUR, INDIANA

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Annual January and February Sale of

Suits and Overcoats

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Astonishingly Low Prices

These are exceptional rare values—bargains you cannot resist. Richly finished, superbly tailored, distinctly styled garments of the highest order. The goods and prices are such that you owe it to yourself to come and see these extraordinary offerings.

THOMAS CLOTHING CO.

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN

SMITH & KEMY, Publishers.

SEYMOUR, - - - INDIANA.

There are indications of a long period of being good dawning for Central America.

Society has taken up the aeroplane craze. How's that for high society and high flyers?

Mars being 15,000,000 miles away its poles are discovered with ease by rocking chair explorers.

How does it feel to be sprinkled with star dust? Halley's comet uses that kind of celestial confetti.

If one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, then one touch of summer now makes the whole coal bin.

The Indianapolis News says the Belgian navy is the smallest in the world. We thought Bohemia had a smaller one.

Oklahoma has reduced the Pullman berth to \$1.50. If Oklahoma has not yet adopted a State motto we suggest, "Dare and Do."

W. K. Vanderbilt's son, who has never made much of a racket in the world before, is now about to marry a female tennis champion.

Theodore Roosevelt expects to return to this country next June. Congress will probably make a strenuous effort to adjourn before that time.

A school for turning out model housewives has been started in Chicago. Already we can hear the biff which such an institution will deliver to the divorcee microphone.

Managers of lyceum bureaus should not neglect to get into early correspondence with President Zelaya. He ought to develop into a pretty fair attraction for the Chautauqua circuit.

The guillotine which was used in France during the reign of terror is offered for sale. In the event of its being purchased by a wealthy American it will be admitted free as a work of art?

Mrs. Pankhurst says American women are not serious enough. Don't know about that. Some of them become pretty serious when they have to keep the dinner waiting three-quarters of an hour over time.

It has been found that the skin of the brown rat is well-adapted for making gloves, purses, bookbindings, and similar things. Consequently skin-dealers in Calcutta advertise that they will buy ratskins in lots of from one hundred to ten thousand—a chance for the unemployed, a supply of good material for manufacture, and the extermination of a disease-bearing pest, all in one.

It has been remarked that the average American family wastes enough to maintain two French families in comfort, and in that there may not be much exaggeration. There can be no doubt that the cost of living here could be greatly reduced without any reduction of the standards of comfort or even of luxury, simply by the practice of economy, and economy means not parsimony or abstemiousness, but simply good management.

It is a matter for congratulation that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has decided to abandon the "Chautauqua salute"—the greeting of a speaker or the applauding of a sentiment by a general and concerted waving of handkerchiefs. The fact that it seemed a somewhat sentimental and not wholly spontaneous demonstration has frequently been urged against it; but the unanimous protest of physicians that it was unsanitary and dangerous has convinced the women that its continuance is inadvisable.

Colonel Mosby, rough-rider of the Confederacy, might be expected to enjoy the strategy of football, its hurtling onsets, swift deceptions, fierce encounters. But the old master of the foray and captain of guerrillas says football is murder. Also he sneers at athletes as "invincible in peace and invisible in war." There is something in what Mosby says. Men of inordinate muscle are of less use in this age than ever before. Yet we are near a worship of muscle, and there is a cult of brute strength. An instance of the same law of paradox, no doubt, that made the muscle-governed Middle Ages worshipful of mind and learning, of the priest and scribe. Bulging muscles do not connote health. Indeed, the muscle of a Jeffries or a Johnson is developed at the expense of vitality. As for endurance, the soldier who is not exceptionally muscular will outmarch, outlast and outfight the Samson. Strength is less and less the requirement of modern civilization. Skill and knowledge are more and more. The craftsman with the delicate, trained hands, the marksman with the discerning eye, they beat the mere strong man in peace pursuits and in war's game. Nevertheless, we come high reverencing strength for strength's sake, as they did in the days of decadent Rome. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the psychological fact that in proportion as a thing becomes useless, it grows ornamental. The orchid is rare

and absolutely of no account, and hence it is valued. Much muscle contributes little to effectiveness in modern life, and hence it is highly esteemed.

Several weeks ago attention was called to the "remarkable" action of a New York judge in asking a number of eminent corporation lawyers to agree to act occasionally as counsel for poor, friendless and bewildered prisoners in criminal cases. The decline of criminal law, frequent failures of justice, the greed and incompetence of inferior attorneys who are "assigned" to defend poor prisoners had combined to prompt the court's appeal to the leaders of the bar. The appeal elicited sneering comment in certain quarters, but public-spirited lawyers and editors hastened to commend it. The first fruit of the experiment would seem to justify it abundantly. Samuel Untermyer was assigned, for the statutory fee of \$500, to defend an Italian woman who had been indicted for the murder of her husband. His handling of the case was so able, efficient and masterly that, instead of the conviction expected by Jerome, the jury in ten minutes returned a verdict of acquittal. The foreman of the jury cordially thanked the attorney and told him that if more men of his caliber were induced to defend poor, alien and helpless prisoners fewer innocent persons would suffer cruel injustice. There was nothing technical or sophistical about the Untermyer defense. He made no attempt to defeat the law. He simply endeavored to bring out the facts, to prevent browbeating and juggling. The testimony established a plea of self-defense beyond all reasonable doubt. It may be added that Mr. Untermyer turned over his fee to the acquitted woman, after spending about \$1,000 of his own money on the case. The practice of the criminal law used to be deemed worthy of the greatest lawyers, and it is worthy of them today. There is more money in corporation business, in civil and commercial law, but what sort of a civilization is that which holds life and liberty cheap, which is not interested in justice and right? The New York judge has done well to appeal to the traditions of happier legal days, and his example should be followed in other cities. It should also stimulate the demand for radical legal reform in the interest of the individual as well as of the body politic.

Wit of the Youngsters

Little Margie (aged 4)—Mamma, tan I have ze fine toof tomb? Mamma—What do you want it for, dear? Little Margie—To tomb my toofs wif, of course.

Papa—Don't be afraid of that dog, Eddie. Haven't you heard that a barking dog seldom bites? Little Eddie—Yes, papa, but perhaps the dog hasn't heard it.

"Harold," said the patient but long-suffering mother, "you mustn't tease the baby in that manner!" "Well," queried the incorrigible youngster, "in what manner must I tease him?"

Mamma—Tommy, you've been fighting again. Your clothes are torn and your face is scratched. Why can't you do like your little sister? She never fights. Small Tommy—Well, mamma, it's better to have a good square fight and get all the mad out of you than to carry it in you for months like girls do.

Animal Ornament Fads.

It seems as if the women were overcoming some of their little cherished fears and superstitions, or, perhaps, they are only being martyrs to fashion and assuming their brave appearance for we see them wearing, with most perfect nonchalance, bracelets of round gold woven wire in exact imitation of a snake that coils about the arm most fearfully, and some even wear them about the neck.

Then there are necklaces of the most delicate wire, representing spider webs, with a great ugly black silver spider with glittering eyes and a thousand legs, and all sorts of creepy insects caught in his web. Beetles crawl at random, or, at least, they seem to, as bracelets, brooches, hatpins and rings, and a darning-needle perches airily on the collar, threatening at any minute to sew one's mouth up.

Yet snakes with scaly, spangled bodies and uplifted heads, terrifying in their reality, twine about the crowns of hats. In calm indifference to all one has ever heard about ill luck following peacock feathers, are they not flaunted from the most fashionable chapeaus, and used in embroidery on the loveliest of chiffon gowns, and the colors of the peacock lead the grand march of style?

It will take only some ingenious manufacturer to make a gun-metal mouse for a necklace pendant to break the spell and call forth the natural and truly feminine scream that will be such a relief to the pent-up feelings, Tit-Bits says.

They Have To.

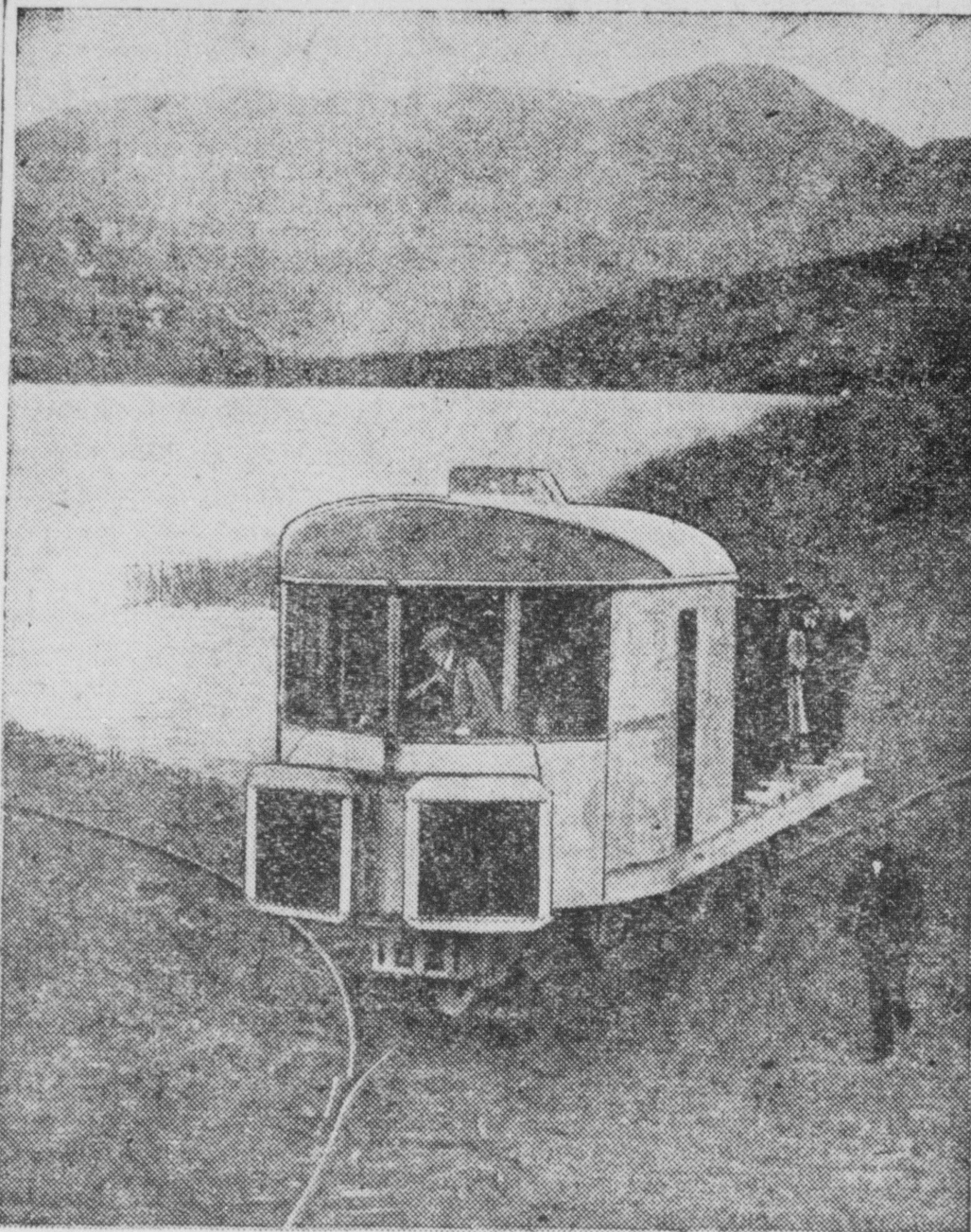
"There is one class of men more than another they say very soon go down hill."

"Who are they?"

"Mountain climbers."—Baltimore American.

The older a man grows, the greater his wonder that there were ONLY ten commandments.

EPOCH-MAKING INVENTION IN THE HISTORY OF LOCOMOTION.



ACTION PICTURE OF MONORAIL CAR.

The capacities of the Brennan monorail, which were hinted at by the working model, increase with the completion of the full size car, now operating at Gillingham, in Kent, England. The car is forty feet long and ten feet wide. The photograph shows the car in actual operation, carrying a full complement of passengers.

This picture, fresh from London, gives the best description we have yet had of this wonderful new means of locomotion. When will it displace the two rails in our streets and on our railroads? The monorail was one of the great discoveries of the year 1909.

THAT CAME HOME TO HIM.

"Folks gets all excited up over reading the newspapers, when half the time there isn't any need of it," remarked Capt. Abner Scott to William Hawkins, as he unfolded the paper to which he and Mr. Hawkins subscribed together. It was his turn for the "first reading." The two men were seated comfortably on the bench on the sunny side of Captain Scott's house.

"Now, let's see what there is going on in the world," he continued, "and, William, you try and keep cool, no matter what I read out to ye. Recollect that whatever happens, we, sitting down here in Bayview can't do anything about it."

Mr. Hawkins, who realized that he had been much "worked up" over the account of a railroad disaster the day previous, accepted this advice meekly, only saying, "You know I'm not quite as calm as you are by nature, Abner."

"Now let's see," resumed Captain Scott, once more adjusting his spectacles carefully on his nose, "there's been a destroying fire out in a town in Arkansas, with considerable loss of property, but no lives lost as far as known. Now keep calm, William, if you can compass it."

"My land, what fearful things fires are!" ejaculated the excitable Mr. Hawkins.

"There's been a disturbance in Russia, and several have been arrested," said Captain Scott, holding the paper so that Mr. Hawkins, whose eyes were sharper than his, could not catch a glimpse of even the headlines, and reading each item through before he divulged its purport to his companion.

"There have been tremendous storms in the south," he announced, tranquilly, "and a heavy fall of snow in the west, and there's been a great failure of a banking house in New York City."

"Congress seems to be pretty well mixed up, if I'm any judge," he went on, after perusing nearly a column in silence, "and things look dark for the country, if something isn't done before long. Stocks seem to be going down mostly, and times are getting harder every day. Terrible, isn't it?"

"Why, William Hawkins," gasped Captain Scott, a moment later, turning quickly on his friend, and grasping him by the shoulder, "what are we coming to, that's what I'd like to know? What are we coming to?"

"What's happened?" asked Mr. Hawkins, trembling with excitement.

"Why," said Captain Scott, feebly, as he pointed to a short paragraph with his forefinger, "the bottom has dropped out of lobsters!"

Mr. Hawkins, who was a shoemaker, exercised great forbearance and made no reference to his friend's vanished "ca'm."—Youth's Companion.

AMERICAN WAGE EARNERS.

Conclusion of a British Statistician After Investigation.

A special commissioner of the London Statist, writing from New York, devotes the first of a series of letters to the savings of the people of the United States.

"I have," he says, "come to the conclusion that the rate of wages in this country is much higher in proportion than in Great Britain, after taking into account the purchasing power of the wages, and that after meeting all expenditures the wage earners each

year save a substantial average sum, which they place in savings banks, or which they use for the purchase of securities, houses, land, businesses, etc. In answer to my questions, my informants have supplied me not only with the rate of wages they are earning, but also with the average sums they save from year to year, and a number of employers have confirmed the statements as to the large savings of their employees. There can be no doubt that the savings of the masses reach a great sum in the aggregate, and largely contribute to swell the savings of the nation.

"It will be realized that the savings of a nation in which practically every one is able to save reach to a vast figure. An eminent American banker of international reputation, with whom I discussed the question of America's savings during my passage here, estimated the total savings of the United States at nearly \$1,500,000,000 a year. Since my arrival I have sought to form an independent estimate, based upon a great variety of data, and I have come to the conclusion that the annual savings of this country are over \$1,000,000,000, and that the amount is growing steadily greater from year to year. This estimate tallies with the conclusions of the government officials, who calculated the wealth of the country in 1900 at about \$18,000,000,000, and in 1904 at \$22,000,000,000, an increase in four years of about \$4,000,000,000, or an average of \$1,000,000,000 per annum. The present rate of interest is greater than the average of the four years to 1904.

"These large savings are mainly invested in new houses and in new buildings of various kinds and descriptions. The population of the United States is growing at the rate of about 1,400,000 per annum, and the mere housing of this additional population involves the construction of over 300,000 new dwellings per annum. The progress of the United States involves the construction of a great number of new houses at the upper as well as the lower end of the scale. Not only is there a natural increase in the population of the wealthier classes, but there is going on all the time a process of expansion and uplifting, a process which is reflected in the vast number of expensive houses which are erected from year to year."

A Chronic Grumbler.

Charles Lamb tells of a chronic grumbler who always complained at what he called his few trumps. By some artifice his companions managed to fix the cards so that when he dealt he got the whole thirteen, hoping to extort some expression of satisfaction, but he only looked more wretched than ever as he examined his hand.

"Well, Tom," said Lamb, "haven't you trumps enough this time?"

"Yes," grunted Tom, "but I've no other cards."

A Phrase Exemplified.

"Been abroad, I hear."

"Yep."

"I understand that living is very cheap in Europe. How about it?"

"Can't say. We only hit the high places."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Evidence of Faith.

Mrs. Brooks—Have you any faith in life insurance?

Mrs. Lynne—Yes, indeed; I've realized \$100,000 from two husbands, and they weren't very good ones, either.—Judge.

Too many men are given credit for being as good as their talk.

LONDON'S OLDEST NEWSBOY.

"Old Ben" a Familiar Figure on a Bustling Thoroughfare.

Eighty years of age, yet hearty, Ben Witherden, one of the familiar characters of London, claims to be the oldest "newsy" in the world. Henri Chavaler says in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

For forty years his pile of papers have been arranged every morning in the Edgware road, just north of the Marble Arch corner of Hyde Park, and Witherden declares he feels fit for a centenarian record.

All sorts and conditions of men are among his customers. Lords and ladies, doctors and lawyers, nurses and policemen, all take a kindly interest in the picturesque figure whose absence from the pavement would create a noticeable vacancy. No London "cop" would allow the old peddler of papers to suffer by undue competition along that stretch of sidewalk.

But modern conditions are developing contrary to the desires of the ancient "newsy." When he started selling papers there was no rush like there is now. If he served people with their papers by lunch time they were quite content. But nowadays if he doesn't let them have their news before breakfast time there is no end of a row, and he soon would get passed up as a "has been."

But he doesn't let them catch him like that. Summer and winter, rain, hail or shine, he is out at his work.

Lots of good luck comes his way from time to time. A nearby shopkeeper gave him a chair and stores it for him over night. Charitably disposed customers see that his clothes are warm and plentiful. The respectable silk hat he sports adorned the head of some West End notable not so long ago. When it is wet the doorway behind him offers deep shelter, from which the proprietor refrains from driving him. Altogether "Old Ben" is as merry a newsboy as the youngest member of that noisy tribe.

Everything is noisier to-day than when he first began to sell papers. Lumbering omnibuses and horsed vehicles were all the traffic that distributed the route to the heights of Crickwood and Hendon. Now snorting motorbuses thunder along with loads of suburban residents from villas erected on the green fields. The world grows swifter and more strenuous, while Old Ben Witherden would have it resume its olden pace, more in keeping with his advancing years.

Do Not Seek Trouble.

One reason why so many fail, or plod along in mediocrity, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine, is because they see so many obstacles and difficulties. These loom up so threateningly that they lose heart to win. They see so many difficulties that they are in a discouraged condition much of the time, and this mental attitude is fatal to achievement, for it makes the mind negative, non-creative. It is confidence and hope that call out the faculties and multiply their creative, producing power.

The habit of dwelling on difficulties and magnifying them weakens the character and paralyzes the initiative in such a way as to hinder one from ever daring to undertake great things. The man who sees the obstacles more clearly than anything else is not the man to attempt or do any great thing. The man who does things is the man who sees the end and defies the obstacles.

Napoleon did not see the Alps, which seemed impassable to his generals; that is, his confidence that he could take his army over these mountains into Italy was so great that the difficulties which seemed overwhelming to others had no power to discourage him.

I have never known a person who magnifies difficulties, who talks a great deal about obstacles, to do great things. It is the man who persists in seeing his ideal, who ignores the obstacles, absolutely refuses to see failure, who clings to his confidence in victory, success, that wins out in whatever he undertakes.

When Music Does Not Charm.

I like to dine, as all men do, But I can eat without a band. To have to hear their "tootle-toot!" And "um-pah!" while my food I chew Is more than I can stand.

I want no bunch of tawdry Huns To help me through the bill of fare No group of girls whose technique stuns Who puff and strain like evil ones, Need aid me with their blare.

When I am struggling with my bone, Or wrestling with a salad dire, I do not care for, I will own, Caruso on a gramophone Nor bursts of "magic fire."

Won't some one start an eating shop Where one can dine in peace and quiet? Where Sousa won't stick in one's crop, Or Geomachos spoil one's chop—Where orchestras won't riot?—Chicago Tribune.

Suggested Hymn to Her.

Our eyes have seen the glory of the shrieking suffragette, She is just about the scariest creature we have ever met.

The men will flee before her when she starts to fight, you bet, And let her go marching on.—Baltimore Sun.

The more intelligent a man is, the more pronounced his disposition to be fair.

No man explains another's mistakes in the same way he does his own.

"FRISKING" SHIP PASSENGERS.

One Old New York Inspector Can Smell Diamonds Six Feet Away.

Timothy J. Donohue, the oldest inspector of customs in this city, is credited by his fellows with possessing a nose which can smell concealed diamonds and other jewels six feet away, the New York Press says. "Old Tim," as he is known, has more seizures of that sort to his credit on the records of the customs house than any other inspector employed there. His duty is to wander aimlessly about the steamship piers and "frisk" incoming passengers. Many persons may not know what "frisk" means in customs house parlance. It is the art of stumbling or brushing against a person so skillfully that the inspector can rub his hands over the pockets and person of the suspect and ascertain whether he has smuggled goods concealed in his clothes and at the same time prevent the suspect knowing what he is doing.

In the thirty-five years or longer that Donohue has been at it on the New York piers he has "frisked" thousands of Americans and foreigners after they have landed and are awaiting to get their luggage through the hands of the other inspectors. If any incoming passengers standing on a transatlantic line pier sees a short, stout, gray-haired, gray-mustached man, quietly dressed, carrying a cheap umbrella tied in the middle with a string and stumbling about as if fresh from the backwoods and looking for some one whom he cannot find, that is "Old Tim" Donohue. In his eager quest he bumps against everybody; seizes overcoats by the pockets, rubs his hands up and down passengers as he trips over baggage, acts half soused, never apologizes and keeps right on. After the inspectors are through with a passenger whom he inspects he steps up and invites him to go to the office to be searched. It is not often his suspicions are misdirected.

QUEER STORIES

This country has nine hundred trade journals.

At the age of seventy years, a man has consumed ninety-five tons of food.

The more familiar species of flying fish are denizens of the tropical oceans. Fresh water species, however, are known.

There are about 170,000 oil producing wells in the United States, representing directly and indirectly an outlay of about \$700,000,000.

A young oak grows three feet in three years. In the same time an elm grows eight feet three inches, and a willow nine feet three inches.

One Scotch casualty insurance company is offering policies to aviators, while another will extend all future policies to cover the risks of aviation and ballooning.

The study of foreign languages is making rapid progress in German schools. Most of the teachers are native born French and English. This work is a powerful factor in Germany's progress as a power on international commerce.

The wife of a Jerseyman was advertising for a serving maid. The Jerseyman is an editor and his wife has learned the habit of cutting out unnecessary words. This is the way the advertisement read: "Wanted, a white, semi-green maid-servant."—New York Sun.

There is no such thing as a forest of mahogany. The mahogany tree lives by and for itself alone. It stands solitary of its species surrounded by the smaller trees and dense undergrowth of the tropical forest, rearing its head above its neighbors. Two trees to the acre are a liberal estimate.

This one comes from Missouri, where one editor "showed" them why: "An evangelist asked all the men present who were honest and paid their debts to stand up. All arose but one. He said he was the local editor and couldn't pay his debts because the men standing were his delinquent subscribers."—Atlanta Constitution.

In the Russian campaign the personal baggage of Napoleon's brother, Jerome Bonaparte, who married Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, contained sixty pairs of boots, two hundred shirts and 218 pocket handkerchiefs. The transportation of his wardrobe entire required several heavy wagons, while his whole campaigning kit stretched over half a mile.

Thackeray was six feet two inches in height, and Sir H. W. Lucy says the great novelist wore a 7½-inch hat, beating Dickens and John Bright by a full half inch. Mr. Gladstone's hat was of 7½-inch measurement—the same as Macaulay's—while Beaconsfield needed a full 7-inch. The hat of Daniel O'Connell, however, would have beaten them all, measuring 8½ inches by 10 inches.

Vistas of Trouble.

"I may as well tell you," said the suffragette, "that the disturbances we are creating now are nothing compared to those we are prepared to cause."

"That's right," answered the big town boss. "If you raise all this row to vote, what will you do when you get the ballot and find it isn't being counted?"—Washington Star.

A stingy man is, usually simply a careful man.

Secret Divorces.

They Benefit the Guilty, They Do Not Shield the Innocent

By Thomas Fenton Taylor.



UR boasted equality means, at least, equality before the law, not in social standing or in inherited wealth. Still the rich litigant must always have the advantage of his purse in procuring astute counsel and in that sort of subtle judicial notice which some judges may take wealth and social position, even where some of the parties to the suit must be recreant to the responsibilities which that wealth and position entail upon them. So far as I know, the annals of our idle rich justify no such judicial notice. The divorce now the occasion of your inquiry was doubtless just on its merits and free from any taint of collusion. Still, although carried through with legal form, it has all the earmarks of being proceeded with as preconcerted.

The contract of marriage is a peculiar contract, as it involves a change of status of the parties touching our standards of civilized living, and so it is held to be a matter of public interest. Divorce by collusion is always feared and scrupulously fended against by the law. In some jurisdictions the trial is attended by counsel for the public as if a third party to the suit. I recall an instance of a divorce procured here on the written detailed sworn confession of the wrongdoer, witnessed by several important merchants of this city, where the judge in open court went into the facts minutely and properly acted as counsel for the State. This wrongdoer, though unsuspected, had been faithless for years. The parties were above suspicion of collusion, were of excellent family, but not of inherited wealth or noted socially, yet an attempt to glide through even on this damning confession no doubt would have met with scrutiny to which objection could be well taken. Where the proof necessary for divorce comes from third parties—maids, flunkies, and others—while the parties immediately interested are dallying afar in the pleasant places of the earth and depending, so to say, on their "rank," collusion should be narrowly watched for, lest precedents might arise on which collusion might be based later.

The secrecy of the court proceeding is entirely out of consideration for the public decency; it intends to suppress the puritan. All right-minded people must desire to shield the innocent members of the family involved and feel deeply for them. But so far as those innocent members are concerned the facts are known, in effect. Then the persons most largely benefited by this present secrecy are the very ones who least deserve any public consideration, but who in fact should be known—the wrongdoers. They are, it seems, possibly subject to penalties on the other, and necessarily the public, side of the court. Let justice be administered with an even hand even though the rich and mighty must be known as they deserve to be and as they really are.—New York Times.

Women In Business Are Big Factor To-day

By Dr. Grace Peckham Murray.

THE New York World has taken up one of the most vital problems of modern life, when it asks the question, "Why not more marriages?" I am tremendously interested in the subject. Every time I go downtown into one of the great "law-factory" office buildings I am struck anew by the importance of the unmarried business woman in our scheme of life today. In the rooms of one single firm there will, perhaps, be fifty women clerks and stenographers. Then if one rides on the elevated there are the women ticket sellers. If one goes into a telephone exchange, there are the women operators. And nearly all these women are unmarried. Will they be apt to marry? That's the great problem we are now struggling with.

Still, I firmly believe that every girl should be financially able to take care of herself. I believe if she does marry she is the happier for it. A woman is so humiliated to be always asking her husband for money—if she feels that she'd never have any unless he kindly and condescendingly handed it over. And some husbands are so stingy and mean about giving their wives the smallest sum—carfare, pennies for stamps, any kind of "pin-money," as it was so picturesquely christened. It is so much better for the wife if she feels the consciousness of being able—whether or not it is necessary—to line her own pocketbook.

Because there are so many ways for a good bright woman to do this in America, I do not think American girls are apt to marry for a "provider." Some still do it—those on the lookout to get rich quick—but the custom is out of date. In Europe it is the common procedure, of course, but with us—no. The advance in the education of women—the coming of the college woman has brought about the welcome change.

High Feed Makes High Food

By J. Frank McCormack.

REFERRING to recent articles in regard to the high price of meat, poultry, eggs, milk, etc., I would like to state my own practical experience as a farmer in this connection.

Only a short time ago corn and corn meal cost in the neighborhood of ninety cents a bag, delivered, a bag weighing 112 pounds and containing about two bushels. The price last winter went as high as \$1.90 a bag, and as a consequence it cost twice as much to feed the stock as formerly.

I disposed of a large flock of poultry for the reason that they could be kept only at a loss, and doubtless many others have followed the same course, thus decreasing production.

The key to the whole situation is the high price prevailing for feed and grain. The present high price of feed is as serious a question to the producer as the high prices to the consumer.

Oats and other grain have been correspondingly high, and it costs the stock raiser, poultryman and milkman twice as much to keep his teams now as it did not long ago.

As long as the price of feed remains as it now is, just so long, of necessity, will the price of meat, poultry, eggs and milk remain high, and even at the higher prices now obtained by the producer his profits are less than when feed costs were seventy-five per cent. lower.

Put the price of grain and feed down to a normal level, and the price of meat, poultry and eggs will drop fifty per cent. within six months, and in the case of the price of milk if the cost of production is reduced one-half it naturally follows that the consumer will be benefited.

EDIBLE FLOWERS.

Artichokes, Cauliflower, Cloves, Capers, Lilies and Chrysanthemums.

Most people are apt to regard the artichoke as a vegetable, whereas as a matter of fact it appears upon the table as the unopened flowers of a plant. If they are left on the plant they eventually turn into handsome purple blossoms. This statement has reference to that species of thistle known as the globe artichoke.

Dr. Johnson called the cauliflower "the finest flower in the garden." This statement was accurate, for when the snowy "vegetables" of that name are served they are nothing but the unexpanded flowers of a variety of cabbage.

Among other flowers that are eaten are cloves and capers. The first named are the immature blossoms of a plant of the myrtle order growing in the Moluccas. This takes the form of a beautiful evergreen sometimes thirty or forty feet in height with lovely crimson flowers.

The buds are first light colored, then green, and finally red. At this stage they are gathered and dried. The diminutive round knob in the centre of the clove is the unexpanded crimson blossom.

Capers, those familiar trimmings for mutton and other meats and dishes, are the unopened flowers of a bramble-like shrub that grows on the shores of the Mediterranean sea. The trailing plant shows handsome pinkish white flowers with long tassels of stamens. The youngest and tenderest of the buds form the finest capers, known as nonpareil. As they flower they become superfine, capucin

and capot capers.

The chrysanthemum is now made the basis of a salad served with a sauce made of cream. Another flower, the lily, contributes in a more solid form to the menu in certain parts of China. There the dried flowers of a particular species of lily are highly esteemed as a relish with meats, especially pork. At Chinkiang on the Yangtze these lily flowers account for nearly one-fourteenth of the value of the exports.—Harper's Weekly.

Home Training.

When Willie's father came home to supper there was a vacant chair at the table.

"Well, where's the boy?" "William is upstairs in bed." The answer came with painful precision from the sad-faced mother.

"Why, what's up? Not sick, is he?" (An anxious pause.)

"It grieves me to say, Robert, that our son—your son—has been heard swearing on the street. I heard him."

"Swearing? Scott! I'll teach him to swear." And he started upstairs in the dark. Half-way up he stumbled and came down with his chin on the top step.

When the atmosphere cleared a little, Willie's mother was saying sweetly from the hallway, "That will do, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."—Judge.

An expert in mechanics who comes in frequent contact with inventors says that there are not fewer than four hundred men in New York city experimenting with flying machines.

SMALL MEN OF LONDON.

Statistics Show That the Cockney Is Decreasing in Stature.

A colonial visitor to London lately expressed surprise to see the comfortable way in which Londoners can stow themselves away in the tram cars and omnibus seats, which he found very awkward and narrow after those provided by the tram car companies of his home city. The result of his surprise has been a discussion in the papers as to whether or not the Londoner is becoming smaller than his fellows in other parts of England and the colonies.

All procurable evidence, according to the London Daily Mirror, goes to show that the stature of the Londoner is below the average not only of the inhabitants of country districts, but also of the great provincial towns. A recruiting sergeant makes the statement that London provides the smallest men in England. The rifle regiments have a minimum height of 5 feet 3 inches and they are nearly full of Londoners, though the famous city regiment, the Seventh Royal Fusiliers, owing to a special reserve, is able to keep its minimum standard at 5 feet 5 inches. Hussars at 5 feet 4 inches are plentiful in London, but dragoons at from 5 feet 5 inches to 5 feet 7 inches come chiefly from the country, and guardsmen are relatively rare among London recruits.

A professor of eugenics appealed to on the question offered the theory that the tendency among people who live in dense centers of population is toward a diminution in size. "Activity is developed at the expense of stature," he said; "a little man is, or should be, more active than a big man, and perhaps the Londoner's evolution is being forced toward activity."

Legal Information

The mere affixing of a price to each bushel of a crop contracted to be thrashed is held, in *Johnson vs. Fehsefeldt*, 106 Minn. 202, 118 N. W. 797, 20 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1069, not to be sufficient to make the contract severable.

The owner of a horse left by his servant unhitched and unattended in a public street is held, in *Corona Coal and Iron Company vs. White* (Ala.) 48 So. 362, 20 L. R. A. (N. S.) 958, to be liable for injury done to others by its running away.

Taking notes and collateral security for the purchase price of chattels is held, in *Monitor Drill Company vs. Mercer* (C. C. A.) 163 Fed. 943, 20 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1005, not to destroy features of the contract constituting the transaction a conditional sale.

That forfeiture of the license of an auctioneer cannot be imposed as a penalty in a civil suit brought by a neighboring merchant is held in *Gilly vs. Hirsh*, 122 La. 966, 48 So. 422, 20 L. R. A. (N. S.) 972; and it is also held that the latter cannot be permitted to put the auctioneer out of business by signs or publications reflecting upon the character of his business.

The mere fact that the marks upon the logs placed in a river to be floated to market, and which sink and become imbedded in the soil, have become obliterated, is held, in *Whitman vs. Muskegon Log Lifting and Operating Company*, 152 Mich. 645, 116 N. W. 614, 20 L. R. A. (N. S.) 984, not to destroy the title of their original owners, or prevent an assignment of the property to a salvage company.

A statute providing that the owners of adjacent lands shall build and maintain the partition fences between them in equal shares, unless otherwise agreed upon, and that, if any party neglects to build or repair a partition fence, or the portion thereof which he ought to build, the aggrieved party may complain to the township trustees, who, if upon notice he fails to construct, may order it built, and the costs collected as other taxes, is held, in *Alma Coal Co. vs. Cozad*, 79 Ohio St. 348, 87 N. E. 172, 20 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1092, not to be so construed and administered as to charge the owner of lands which are, and are to remain, uninclosed, with any part of the expense of constructing and maintaining such a line fence for the sole benefit of the adjoining proprietor.

Moving Pictures in Subways.

As is well known, says Scientific American, moving pictures are produced by a film traveling with intermittent motion before a projector or lantern which throws successive views on the screen. The same result could be obtained if the pictures were stationary and the audience itself were in motion, so as to view the pictures successively. An ingenious inventor has hit upon this scheme to relieve the monotony of subway travel. He proposes to mount a continuous band of pictures on each side of the subway, and have these pictures successively illuminated by means of lamps behind them. The circuits of the lamps would be successively closed by means of a shoe upon the subway car engaging contact plates at each side of the track.

Adoption.

"Have you decided what opinions you will adopt?"

"I don't adopt opinions," answered Senator Sorghum. "I make an effort to ascertain what opinions are likely to be associated with success and then persuade them to adopt me."—Washington Star.

QUEEN A STICKLER FOR FORM.

Her Majesty Is an Adept at Setting Her Guests at Ease.

There is always special etiquette for visitors who are on calling terms with the queen, and any little breach of this etiquette is quickly noticed by her majesty, both she and the princess of Wales being great sticklers for the letter of the law, according to Vogue. If an ordinary visitor, who is on intimate terms with the queen, wishes to be received by her majesty, he or she must call at a time likely to find her majesty at leisure, and the visitor's name is taken to her in the ordinary way. After waiting a long time the visitor is conducted by a page of the presence to the queen's room. Courtesies from ladies and deep bows from men are sometimes followed by the queen shaking hands, but she more frequently does so at the end of the visit.

The queen's own knowledge of etiquette is perfect, and whenever she offers her hand to be kissed or shaken it is always in a manner allowing no difficulty to arise in the visitor's mind as to what he or she is to do. In one instance a lady usually honored by a hand shake from the queen, and who always took off her glove for the purpose, was neither offered it to kiss or shake, which caused her much discomfort. But on telling her story to the court official she learned that the queen having been on the point of going out, and having on her gloves, would not offer to shake hands with an ungloved friend.

Visitors invariably stand while the conversational subjects are started by the queen, who is an adept at setting people at their ease and knowing intuitively the best subjects of mutual interest. She greatly dislikes a visitor who is shy and colors and looks agitated when addressed. At the finish of the interview the queen generally gives a small bow or offers her hand, and then turns slightly to one side to save the very trying necessity of an entirely backward exit from her presence.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

A curious story of a night in prison during the Reign of Terror in France is told by Monsieur Ferrers. Probably few political prisoners of that period had their fears of the guillotine so promptly removed as did Monsieur Ferrers and his companions. Some sixteen prisoners were thrown into a dungeon of the prison of Tarbes. It was so dark that no man could see his hand before his face.

Suddenly a click, as if a box had been closed, was heard, and a voice speaking with an Italian accent was heard:

"Well, here is one captured, now for judgment. What is your name?"

Then a small, squeaky voice replied, "I am called Mouse."

"What have you done for the Revolution? Where were you on the great tenth of August?"

"In a church."

"O fanatic! fanatic! And where were you on the immortal thirty-first of May?"

"In a cheese dairy."

"Monopolist and fanatic! You are condemned to death and immediate execution."

There was a slight noise, a little cry, and then all was silent.

At intervals through the night similar dialogues were heard, and to the terrified imagination of the prisoners, they always ended with the death of the victim. Who could tell at what moment his turn might come?

But daylight brought cheer. It was discovered that the dungeon was full of mice, and that an Italian prisoner, who had a mouse-trap, had been while away the hours by catching mice and passing judgment upon them.

Got Too Familiar.

A story told of Justice Brewer concerns a trip he made to his old home in Kansas, accompanied by Mrs. Brewer. In Washington a Justice of the Supreme Court is spoken of as "Mr. Justice," and that is the title Mrs. Brewer always has heard. When they reached Chicago, however, the "Mr." was dropped and the jurist was referred to as "Justice Brewer." At Omaha some old friends called him "David J." and when they crossed the Kansas line some former neighbors referred to him as "David."

"Let's go home," suggested Mrs. Brewer.

"Why?" asked the justice.

"Because, dear," Mrs. Brewer replied, "I am afraid if we go any further they will be calling you 'David.'"—Cleveland Leader.

A Bad Defeat.

She—I have lost all faith in human kind.

He—What makes you so pessimistic?

She—Why, under the test of the pure-food laws the very first thing to fall was the angel food.—Baltimore American.

Looked Like a Record.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—What are you going to do with that porous plaster, John?

Mr. Crimmonbeak—I'm going to see what tune it will play on the pianola!—Yonkers Statesman.

The Feminine Fancy.

Somehow a girl doesn't imagine she is happy unless her love for some man is strong enough to make her miserable.

For the Little Folks

BETTY AND SUSAN.

Bouncing Betty loitered idly On the dusty road to town; Black-eyed Susan, trim and tidy, Chid her for her tattered gown.

"See how soiled it is, and faded! Creep beneath the bars, my friend; In this field 'tis clean and shaded, And your frock I'll help you mend."

Kindly Susan's plan refusing, Careless Betty made reply, "Oh, 'tis vastly more amusing Here to watch the passers-by!" —Sarah J. Day, in the Christian Register.

THE NEW LITTLE GIRL.

Betty Babbitt was bitterly homesick, and in her own home, too. You see, Betty had, as she said "always lived in a small town in the northern part of New Hampshire." Always in this case meant only nine years, but to Betty that seemed a very long time. Betty's father was a doctor, who had given up his country practice and had come to the city to make a new home.

She was out leaning over the garden fence, looking longingly at a group of children who were playing happily together, when an old gentleman came along.

"What is your name, little girl, and why aren't you playing with the others?" he asked.

"Betty Babbitt is my name," she answered, and then she hesitated a little. "I want to go out, but you see I'm the new little girl on the street, and"—swallowing a big lump—"you see, they haven't asked me."

Now no longer able to swallow the lumps, she sobbed right out: "I want to go back home. I don't like to stay here a little bit; and mamma's homesick, too, only she won't say so. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I want to go back where I know people, and where everybody liked me—well, any way, they acted as if they did," she added, feeling that perhaps she had not been very modest.

The old gentleman had small children in his own home, three little grand-daughters, consequently he knew about the griefs of little folk. "I must find some friends for this lonely little Betty Babbitt," he said to himself. "Wonder what I'll do first."

But before kind old Mr. Small had time to plan out his course of action, Betty made friends for herself, and this is how it happened. Katharine Kimball, who lived on the opposite side of the street, and who was nine, too, had brought her little sister Mary out to play. Mary was three, and was just toddling around, so happy to be allowed to play with the "big girls."

The girls were playing school on the steps, and Katharine was teacher. In her desire to make the play school as nearly like the real school as possible, she had forgotten her promise to her mother not to let the little one go into the street.

Mary, tiring of the school exercises, and seeing Betty over the way, decided to go to her. Just as she was halfway across the street, a big touring car dashed around the corner and was almost upon the child before the chauffeur noticed her, but not before Betty saw the dear, chubby little girl coming, and, throwing open the gate with a bang that almost took it off the hinges, ran and dragged her out of danger.

"I was coming to see you, I like you, 'little girl,'" gurgled little Mary, patting Betty's cheek, quite unconscious that she had been in such danger.

Katharine and Katharine's friends came running over, and very soon Katharine's mother, and they all took little Mary in their arms and cried over her, and then they hugged Betty, too. Katharine's mother said, "What is your name, and how did it happen that you weren't over on our steps playing school with the others?"

"Betty Babbitt," answered Betty, trying not to cry again. "The girls don't want me, I think. You see, I'm the new little girl on the street."

"You are the brave little girl on the street," replied Katharine's mother, feelingly; "and now I'm going to tell your mother what a brave daughter she has, and ask her if you may come over and play with Katharine." "You may be teacher, Betty," said Katharine, generously.

A few days later the friendly old gentleman, coming along Park street and meeting Betty almost flying home from Katharine's, called out,—"Well, Miss Betty Babbitt, how are you today, and are you still the new little girl on the street?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Small," replied Betty, her eyes shining, "I'm Katharine's friend now, and we are going on a picnic this afternoon. And isn't Portland the very best city in the whole world, and isn't this the nicest street to live on?" And then she added, rather apologetically, "Of course I like my old home in New Hampshire, but that is country, you know, and now I'm a city girl; and besides, you see, now I'm one of the girls on this street."—Sarah S. Abbott, in the Congregationalist and Christian World.

GOLD AND SILVER MONEY.

In a vault in the mint at Philadelphia are piles of bricks made of solid gold. Each brick is only as large as a cake of kitchen soap, but it weighs about forty pounds. In another vault the silver bullion is kept. These

bricks are much larger and much heavier. Both of these metals are to be made into money for the United States. When the gold coins are to be made the precious metal is alloyed with copper and other metals to make it hard. Pure gold is so soft that it can be scratched with the finger nail, so is never used even for jewelry. After the gold has been hardened by adding the other metals to it, it is made into ingots, which look like long gold wedges. They are about a foot long, as wide as a twenty-dollar gold piece and two inches thick.

When the silver comes from the melting room it, too, is poured into strips or bars. The ingots of both metals are treated in the same way in the making of coins. One might think that our gold pieces and silver coins are made in molds, but a visit to the mint would show that to be untrue. The precious metals are rolled out into thin bands until they are of a certain width and thickness. These strips of gold or silver are then run under steel punches, which cut the metal into discs.

Each piece is then weighed by very exact scales, for each coin must contain so much gold or silver. After the weighing these blanks are shoveled into vats of acid, so that all the dirt may be eaten off of them. When dry the blanks are put into long tubes, through which they pass one by one between two dies. The upper die stamps the face of the coin, while the lower stamps the back. The great pressure of the two dies coming together has just force enough to make the impressions on the coins clear and distinct.—Washington Star.

THE USEFUL CAMEL.

In his book on "Tunis, Kairouan, and Carthage," Mr. Graham Petrie describes the characteristic and manners of the camel and the many useful services which that faithful animal performs.

He draws the carts, he treads the wheat, he grinds the corn, and he carries such enormous burdens of hay and fodder that one wonders if indeed his poor humped back would not be broken by adding the proverbial straw.

Although his occupations are menial, although his figure is grotesque and ungainly, although his eyes are often covered with blinkers and his mouth enclosed by a nose-bag, although his neck is denuded of its long, handsome collar and his body is clipped and shaved till his skin is as bare as a plucked ostrich, although he is lodged in filthy stables and beaten with sticks by heartless boys, he never loses his dignity of bearing.

The manners of a camel are generally perfect, as is noticeable when one sees a score or more drinking at one of the many wells outside the town. Arranging themselves in regular and orderly rows on either side of the trough, they stretch out their long necks and suck up the water with a solemnity and orderliness that would do credit to the formal etiquette of a Chinese mandarin. There is no rude hustling for place, no indecorous haste, no selfish and ill-bred disregard of neighbors' needs and the rights of others.

When a camel has assuaged his thirst, he quietly withdraws; and, with a graceful motion of the neck which suggests a courteous bow of thanks, another takes his place.

Every one knows that a camel is able to carry a store of water which will last him for many days when crossing the desert. One day, as I was watching some camels lying in the sun, I learned how the store was utilized. I saw a small iridescent bubble appear from the mouth of one of them, which rapidly expanded till it was the size of a football. For a moment it hung there, looking quite beautiful, if a little uncanny, as it reflected all the colors of the rainbow in the brilliant glare of the African noon. Then there came a liquid, gurgling sound as the water passed down the throat into the stomach.—Our Dumb Animals.

KINDNESS TO DOG REPAID.

The life of Jeremiah Dean of Bloomfield, N. J., was probably saved by his kindness to a dog. When Dean arrived from Newark at his home, which is over his blacksmith shop, he found a dog asleep on a cot he usually slept in. Dean said: "Poor cuss, I suppose you're tired, too," and stroked the animal. He did not disturb the dog, but slept in another room.

When Dean awoke in the morning he went to see his new-found friend. To his surprise he found that a big stone, thrown through a skylight in the roof of the building, had demolished the head-piece of the cot. Dean believes tramps, to whom he had refused food, threw the stone. He has adopted the dog.—New York World.

FORGET THE FAULTS.

Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and as you can try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.—Home Notes.

The annual whaling catch at present is about 150.

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8:10 a. m.	G. 7:50 a. m.
9:03 a. m.	L. 8:51 a. m.
*9:17 a. m.	L. 9:10 a. m.
10:03 a. m.	L. 9:50 a. m.
11:03 a. m.	L. 10:50 a. m.
*11:17 a. m.	L. 11:10 a. m.
12:03 p. m.	L. 11:50 a. m.
1:03 p. m.	L. 12:50 p. m.
*1:17 p. m.	L. 1:50 p. m.
2:03 p. m.	L. 2:10 p. m.
3:03 p. m.	L. 2:50 p. m.
*3:17 p. m.	L. 3:50 p. m.
4:03 p. m.	L. 4:10 p. m.
5:03 p. m.	L. 4:50 p. m.
6:03 p. m.	L. 5:50 p. m.
*6:17 p. m.	L. 6:10 p. m.
7:03 p. m.	L. 6:50 p. m.
*8:17 p. m.	L. 8:10 p. m.
9:03 p. m.	L. 8:50 p. m.
10:45 p. m.	L. 9:50 p. m.
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Lv Bedford	8:00am	1:38pm	6:45pm	
Lv Odon	9:07am	2:44pm	7:53pm	
Lv Elmore	9:17am	2:54pm	8:02pm	
Lv Beehunter	9:23am	3:07pm	8:15pm	
Lv Linton	9:47am	3:22pm	8:30pm	
Lv Jasonville	10:11am	3:42pm	8:53pm	
Ar Terre Haute	11:00am	4:30pm	9:45pm	

No. 28 mixed leaves Westport at
 4:40 p. m., arrives at Seymour 6:25 p. m.

South Bound

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5
Lv Terre Haute	6:00am	11:55am	5:35pm	
Lv Jasonville	6:51am	12:05pm	6:27pm	
Lv Linton	7:12am	12:30pm	6:51pm	
Lv Beehunter	7:23am	12:43pm	7:04pm	
Lv Elmore	7:38am	12:58pm	7:19pm	
Lv Odon	7:48am	1:08 pm	7:29pm	
Lv Bedford	8:00am	2:25 pm	8:40pm	
Ar Seymour	10:07am	3:35pm	9:50pm	

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 ville and all intermediate points at:
 5:54, 7:54, 9:54, 11:54 a. m. and 12:51,
 2:51, 4:54, 6:54, 8:54, 11:00.

Local freight service daily except
 Sunday between Seymour and Jeffers-
 onville and Louisville.

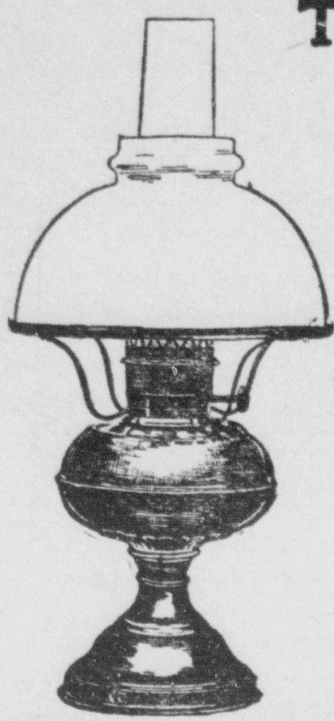
For rates and information see Agents
 and official time table folders in all
 cars.

* For Scottsburg only.

H. D. MURDOCK, Supt.
 Scottsburg, Ind.

ANNA E. CARTER
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office at the Daily REPUBLICAN
 office, 108 West Second Street.
 SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

The Sewing Light
The Rayo Lamp

makes the long evening brilliant with
 its steady white light for sewing or
 reading. Made of brass, nickel plated
 and equipped with the latest im-
 proved central draft burner.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp,
 but you cannot get a better lamp at
 any price.

Once a Rayo user, always one
 Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for
 Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
 (Incorporated)

Call For Convention.

The Republicans of Jackson county
 will meet in their respective townships
 at places designated below on Satur-
 day January 29th at 1 p. m., for the
 following purpose:

1st For the election of Precinct com-
 mitteemen for each voting precinct.
 2d For the election of Delegates and
 Alternates to the district convention to
 be held at North Vernon on Tues-
 day, 1st day of February, 1910.

Jackson county is entitled to 13 dele-
 gates to the district convention. The
 apportionment of the delegates to said
 convention among the townships of
 the county are as follows:

Jackson 4 del., 3 alt., place of
 meeting Seymour.

Brownstown 1 del., 1 alt., place of
 meeting, Brownstown.

Carr 1 del., 1 alt., place of meeting
 Medora.

Driftwood 1 del., 1 alt., place of
 meeting Vallonia.

Grassy Fork 1 del., 1 alt., place of
 meeting Tampico.

Hamilton 1 del., 1 alt., place of
 meeting Cortland.

Redding 1 del., 1 alt., place of meet-
 ing Rockford.

Salt Creek 1 del., 1 alt., place of
 meeting Houston.

Vernon 1 del., 1 alt., place of meet-
 ing Crothersville.

Owen 1 del., 1 alt., place of meeting
 Clearspring.

Washington 0 del., 1 alt., place of
 meeting Dudleytown.

The Precinct Committeemen elected
 shall meet at 1:00 p. m., on Monday
 Jan., 31st., at Brownstown for the
 purpose of perfecting the county or-
 ganization.

Chairman of township convention
 will please report names of delegates
 and precinct committeemen elected to
 the county chairman.

T. V. PRUITT, CO. CHAIRMAN.

Napoleon's Grit

was of the unconquerable, never-say-
 die kind, the kind that you need most
 when you have a bad cold, cough or
 lung disease. Suppose troches, cough
 syrups, cod liver oil or doctors have
 all failed, don't lose heart or hope.
 Take Dr. King's New Discovery. Satis-
 faction guaranteed when used for
 any throat or lung trouble. It has
 saved thousands of hopeless sufferers.
 It masters stubborn colds, obstinate
 coughs, hemorrhages, la grippe,
 croup, asthma, hay fever and whoop-
 ing cough and is the most safe and
 certain remedy for all bronchial
 troubles. Trial bottle free at Andrews-
 Schwenk Drug Co.

Advertised Letters

The following is a list of letters re-
 maining in the postoffice at Seymour
 and if not called for within 14 days
 will be sent to the dead letter office:

LADIES.

Mrs. C. K. Bell.
 Miss Edna Brown.
 Miss Iva Payne.

GENTS.

Mr. Theodore Brant.
 Barney Brenner.
 Mr. F. W. Craig.
 Mr. Leo French.
 Frances Gardner.
 Mr. R. Robert Metz.

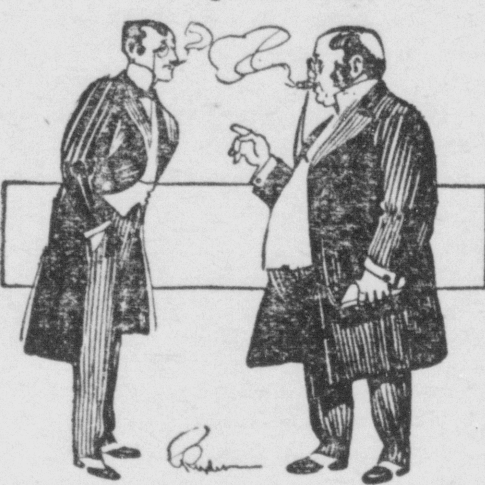
WM. P. MASTERS, P. M.
 Seymour, Jan. 24, 1910.

Those Pies of Boyhood.

How delicious were the pies of boy-
 hood. No pies now ever taste so
 good. What's changed? The pies?
 No. It's you. You've lost the strong,
 healthy stomach, the vigorous liver,
 the active kidneys, the regular bowels
 of boyhood. Your digestion is poor
 and you blame the food. What's
 needed? A complete toning up by
 Electric Bitters of all organs of diges-
 tion—Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bow-
 els—try them. They'll restore your
 boyhood appetite and appreciation of
 food and fairly saturate your body
 with new health, strength and vigor.
 50c at Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

The governing committee of the
 New York stock exchange has appoint-
 ed a committee to investigate the
 transactions which resulted in several
 suspensions on account of the collapse
 of the Hocking pool.

Putting Him Wise.



Young Doctor—Just think, six of my
 patients recovered this week!
 Old Doctor—It's your own fault, my
 dear boy. You spend too much time at
 the club.

TIME TO ACT.

Don't Wait for the Fatal Stages of Kidney
 Illness. Profit By Seymour People's
 Experiences.

Occasional attacks of backache, ir-
 regular urination, headaches and
 dizzy spells are common early symp-
 toms of kidney disorders. It's an
 error to neglect these ills. The attacks
 may pass off for a time but return with
 greater intensity. If there are symp-
 toms of dropsy—puffy swellings be-
 low the eyes, bloating of limbs and
 ankles, or any part of the body, don't
 delay a minute. Begin taking Doan's
 Kidney Pills, and keep up the treat-
 ment until the kidneys are well, when
 your old time health and vigor will
 return. Cures in Seymour prove the
 effectiveness of this great kidney
 remedy.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50
 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo,
 New York, sole agents for the United
 States. Remember the name Doan's
 and take no other.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Prevailing Current Prices For Grain
 and Livestock.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.

Wheat—Wagon, \$1.20; No. 2 red,
 \$1.24. Corn—No. 2, 64c. Oats—No.
 2 mixed, 47½c. Hay—Baled, \$15.00 @
 16.50; timothy, \$15.50 @ 17.50; mixed
 \$13.00 @ 15.00. Cattle—\$3.00 @ 7.00.
 Hogs—\$4.00 @ 8.45. Sheep—\$3.50 @ 5.00.
 Lambs—\$5.00 @ 7.75. Receipts—7,000
 hogs; 1,100 cattle; 200 sheep.

At Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.30. Corn—
 No. 2, 66c. Oats—No. 2, 50c. Cat-
 tle—\$2.50 @ 6.10. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 8.37½.
 Sheep—\$2.00 @ 4.50. Lambs—\$3.00 @
 8.55.

At Chicago.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.28. Corn—
 No. 2, 64½c. Oats—No. 2, 48½c. Cat-
 tle—Steers, \$5.00 @ 7.40; stockers
 and feeders, \$3.00 @ 5.30. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 8.45.
 Sheep—\$2.50 @ 5.90. Lambs—\$5.50 @
 8.30.

Work 24 Hours a Day.

The busiest little things ever made
 are Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every
 pill is a sugar coated globule of
 health, that changes weakness into
 strength, languor into energy, brain-
 fog into mental power; curing Consti-
 pation, Headache, Chills, Dyspepsia,
 Malaria. 25c at Andrews-Schwenk
 Drug Co.

At St. Louis.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.33. Corn—
 No. 2, 64½c. Oats—No. 2, 50c. Cat-
 tle—Steers, \$6.75 @ 7.85. Hogs—\$6.75 @
 8.30. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 6.00. Lambs—
 \$4.50 @ 8.50.

At East Buffalo.

Cattle—\$4.25 @ 6.50. Hogs—\$6.00 @
 8.50. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 6.00. Lambs—\$5.50
 @ 8.50.

Wheat at Toledo.

May, \$1.27½; July, \$1.05½; cash,
 \$1.27½.

A Frightful Wreck

of train, automobile or buggy may
 cause cuts, bruises, abrasions, sprains
 or wounds that demand Bucklen's
 Arnica. Save—earth's greatest healer.
 Quick relief and prompt cure results.
 For burns, boils, sores of all kinds,
 eczema, chapped hands and lips, sore
 eyes or corns it's supreme. Surest
 pile cure. 25c at Andrews-Schwenk
 Drug Co.

REPUBLICAN Want Ads. Pay

SEEKING FACTS
IN THE DISPUTE

Posts Department and Publish-
 ers In a Clash.

GOING TO BOTTOM OF THINGS

Publishers of Magazines Have Made a
 Charge of Incompetency and Faulty
 Figuring on the Part of Postal Offi-
 cials, and the Latter Demand That
 the Publishers Make Good Their
 Statements—House Committee on
 Posts Is Giving a Hearing Which
 Has Been Enlivened by Brisk Verbal
 Tilts.

Washington, Jan. 28.—Those maga-
 zine publishers who have charged all
 sorts of crimes, from general incom-
 petency up, against officials of the
 postoffice department, have irritated
 the house committee on postoffices and
 postroads, which is holding hearings
 on the proposition to increase the
 rates on second-class mail matter.

At the hearing Chairman Weeks de-
 manded that the magazine men prove
 their charge that there is an error of
 \$61,000,000 in the postoffice depart-
 ment figures, upon which the proposi-
 tion for the advance in rates is based,
 or else retract the statement. He also
 demanded that "constructive argu-
 ments" be made by the publishers in-
 stead of the denunciatory statements
 that have been put forth.

"I apprehend that the first bit of
 constructive argument to please the
 committee," said George Wilder, pres-
 ident of the Butterick Publishing com-
 pany, to Mr. Weeks, after he had made
 this statement, "would be an offer
 from the publisher to pay this ad-
 vanced rate. Get a man to run the
 postoffice who understands up-to-date
 business methods and then if he rec-
 ommends a change in the rate, make it
 to all alike. Don't separate the news-
 papers and magazines; there is noth-
 ing to justify that. Be men, and if you
 must do something, do something
 right."

Chairman Weeks, evidently much
 annoyed, demanded that Mr. Wilder
 tell what is wrong in the department.
 "Your statement is going all over the
 country," he said, "to the effect that
 the administration of the department
 is inefficient and unbusinesslike."

Mr. Wilder offered to strike his
 statement to that effect from the rec-
 ords, but Mr. Weeks would not let
 him. "Give your reasons," he said.
 Second Assistant Postmaster General
 Stewart was present at the hearing
 and told Chairman Weeks that the de-
 partment would answer the charge
 that its figures were \$61,000,000 out
 of the way. He said the department
 could prove it was right.

"You are expected to make good,"
 said Mr. Weeks to Mr. Wilder.
 Cyrus Curtis, president of the Curtis
 Publishing company, told the commit-
 tee he favored a director of posts as
 recommended by the Penrose-Over-
 street postal commission, who would
 not be affected by political changes.
 Mr. Weeks demanded to know why Mr.
 Curtis had said that the postal deficit
 was due to the political tenure of the
 postmaster general's job, and Mr. Cur-
 tis said that it was the general im-
 pression.

"General impressions do not go
 here," remarked Mr. Weeks with con-
 siderable emphasis.

"We want concrete facts. I am re-
 ceiving 500 letters a day charging that
 the government is paying exorbitant
 rates to roads for carrying mail. Is
 this so? The committee will remain
 in session indefinitely if it can find
 this out."

MUST SERVE HIS TIME

Beach Hargis's Life Sentence For Mur-
 dering His Father Stands.

Lexington, Ky., Jan. 28.—Beach Har-
 gis must serve his sentence of life im-
 prisonment for the murder of his father,
 James Hargis, the feudist, accord-



BEACH HARGIS.

ing to a finding handed down by the
 Kentucky court of appeals at Frank-
 fort. Hargis had asked for a rehear-
 ing of his appeal to the court.

Seymour Business Directory

AUTO REPAIRS

We handle all automobile supplies,
 also storage and repairing. We build
 smoke stacks and tanks and do all
 heavy iron work. Also founders of
 light and heavy brass castings. R.
 F. Buhner, cor. High and Circle streets.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.

Walters pure Butler county buck-
 wheat flour in any quantity. Best on
 the market. Graham flour, rye meal,
 bread meal. Highest market price paid
 for all grain. Hodapp Hominy Co.

100 CORD
 GOOD SEASONED WOOD
 H. F. WHITE
 PHONE NO. 1

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

Building contracting, plumbing, heat-
 ing and masonry. Will figure on any
 work wanted. W. A. Wylie. Phone
 380. Residence, W. Broadway.

DODDS RESTAURANT.

Come here for a good lunch. Fresh
 oysters and ice cream. A nice line of
 chocolate candies. Best brands of ci-
 gars. Come in and eat. Thornton Dodd,
 Prop., Seymour.

DEAD ANIMALS.

Will remove dead animals immedi-
 ately when notified. F. F. Buhner's
 Fertilizer plant, Phone, residence old
 and new 338. Factory old 189. Sey-
 mour, Ind.

FEED OF ALL KINDS.

Full line of feed and meal, Graham
 flour, buckwheat flour, rye flour. Will
 exchange wheat and corn for flour or
 meal. Deliver to all parts of city.
 G. H. Anderson.

FURNITURE AND WALL PAPER.

Most up-to-date line of household
 goods in Seymour. We have increased
 our stock. Get our prices and you will
 buy our goods. Stoves & ranges. Lum-
 kin & Son.

HAIR DRESSING.

Get your hair dressed, any style,
 at Mrs. E. M. Young's Beauty Parlor.
 Shampooing, manicuring and massag-
 ing. Big assortment of hair switches,
 corona pads and coronet braids for
 dressing the hair in latest styles.

HOOSIER ENVELOPES.

The XXX envelope on the market
 for the money. Good enough for
 regular business correspondence and
 cheap enough for circulars. Special
 prices in quantities. Daily REPUBLICAN.
 CAN. Phone 42.

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

We will fit your eyes correctly with
 comfortable glasses. Full line of new
 Xmas goods, watches, broaches, pins
 lodge emblems and sterling silver goods.
 T. M. Jackson, 104 W. Second Street.

INTERURBAN LUNCH ROOM.

Short orders a specialty. Fresh
 oysters served in any style. Home-
 made pies and baked beans. Candies
 and nuts of all kinds and the best
 coffee in town. Herman Chambers,
 Proprietor.

General Repairing

Sewing Machines, Guns, Umbrellas, Gas
 and Oil Stoves, Bicycles, Automobiles,
 Locks, Keys, Knife and Scissor Grinding,
 in fact any sort of repair work receives
 prompt, careful attention. Give us a call.

W. A. Carter & Son,
 17 East Second Street.

U. G. MILLER
DEALER IN
COAL and LIME

Portland and Louisville Cement,
 Hair, Plaster, Fire Brick and Clay, Sewer and Flue
 Pipes, Chimney Tops, Field Tile and Building Brick.